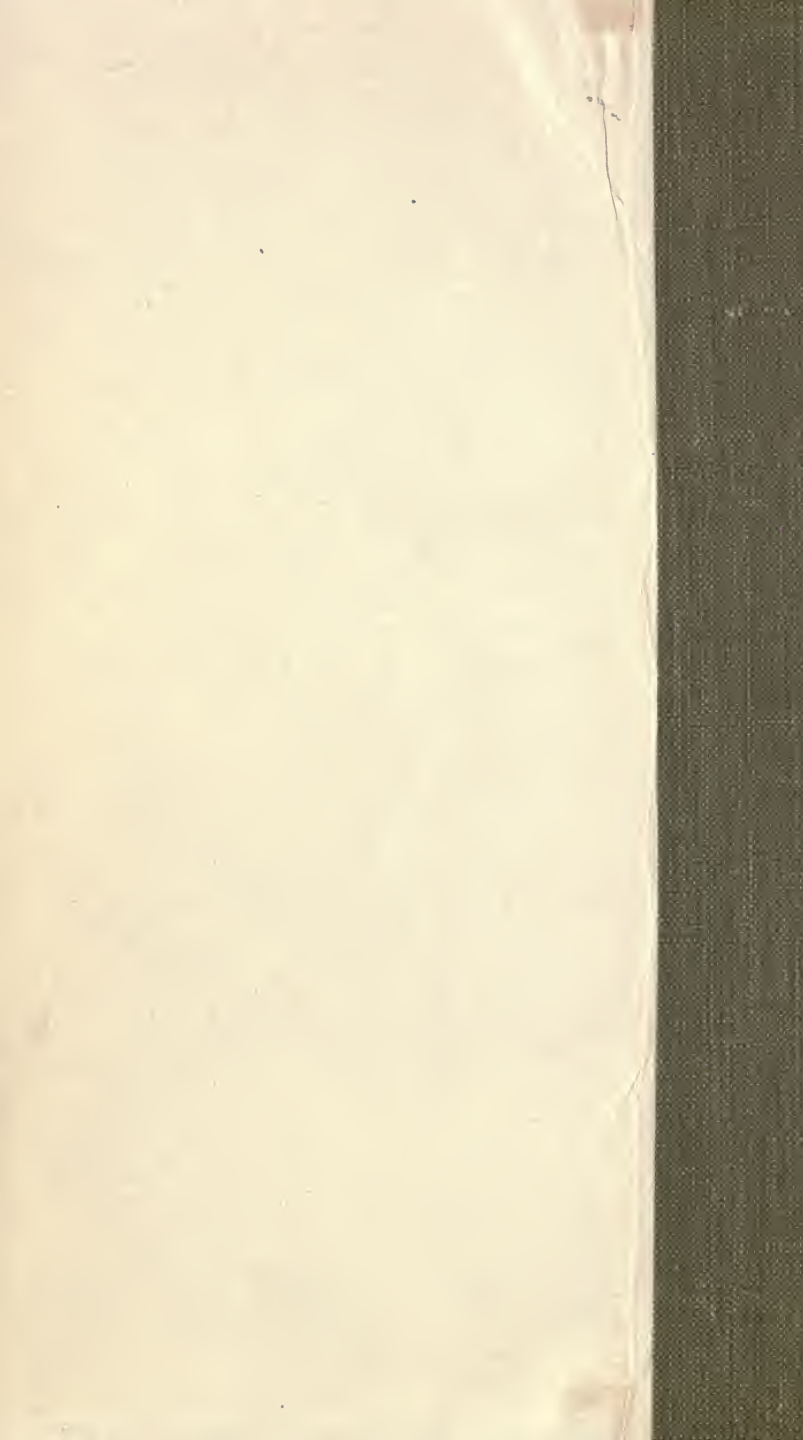
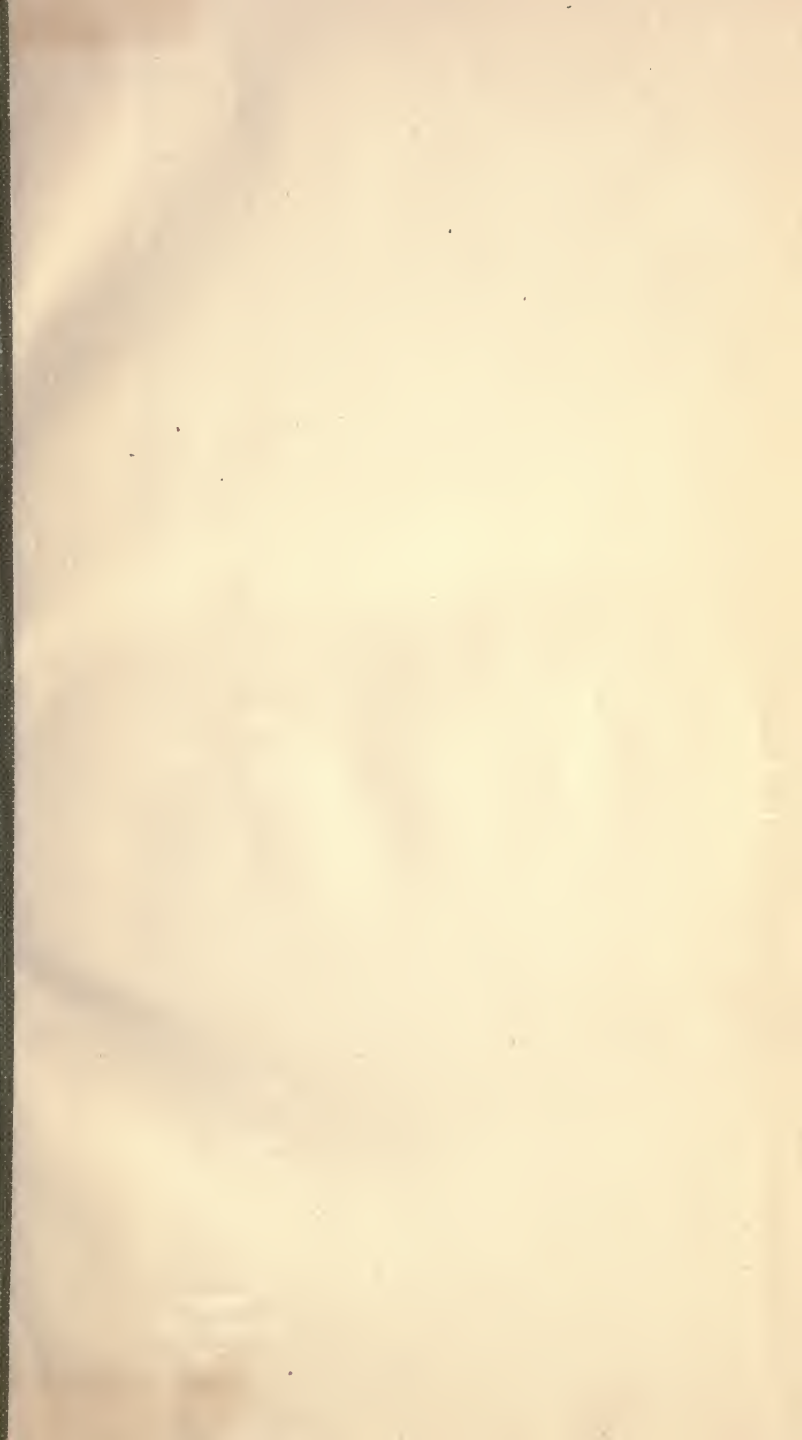


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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>THE Complaint</i> - - - - -	1
<i>The Pyramids of Egypt</i> - - - - -	10
<i>Rex Fluviorum Thamesis</i> - - - - -	14
<i>Part of the First Book of the Argonautics of</i> <i>Apollonius Rhodius</i> - - - - -	19
<i>Solitude at an Inn</i> - - - - -	59
<i>Epitaph</i> - - - - -	61
<i>To a Painter</i> - - - - -	62
<i>From the Greek of Simonides</i> - - - - -	63
<i>From the Greek of Apollonius Rhodius</i> - - - - -	65
<i>A Sacred Anacreontic Ode</i> - - - - -	68
<i>The Vision of Moses</i> - - - - -	71
<i>In Horto Script. Auctore T. Warton</i> - - - - -	77
<i>The foregoing imitated</i> - - - - -	78
<i>Polydore and Cleonice, a Tale in Imitation of</i> <i>Dryden</i> - - - - -	80
<i>Alfredus</i> - - - - -	101

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Antipatri ex Anthologia</i> - - - -	109
<i>Incerti Auſtoris ex Anthologia</i> - - -	110
<i>Callimachi ex Anthologia</i> - - - -	111
<i>Inſcriptio</i> - - - - -	112
<i>Uxori Opt.</i> - - - - -	113
<i>Elegia</i> - - - - -	114
<i>Archix ex Anthologia</i> - - - -	116
<i>Parmenionis ex Anthologia</i> - - -	117
<i>Dioſcoridis ex Anthologia</i> - - -	118
<i>Antipatri ex Anthologia</i> - - - -	119
<i>Inſcribed on a Beautiful Grotto near the Water</i>	120
<i>Idem Latinè Redditum</i> - - - -	121
<i>Ex Anthologia</i> - - - - -	122
<i>An Ars ſit Perſectior Natura? Affirmatur</i> -	123
<i>An Locus Conveniat Locato? Affirmatur</i> -	124
<i>An Caſus et Fortuna ſint in Rebus? Affirmatur</i>	126
<i>Incerti Auſtoris ex Anthologia</i> - - -	128
<i>—Dulcique Animos Novitate Tenebat</i> - -	129
<i>In Sylva Script.</i> - - - - -	130
<i>Pictori Egregio Thomæ Beach</i> - - -	131
<i>Epitaphium Annæ Staines</i> - - - -	133

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XXVIII

100

THE
COMPLAINT.

PENSIVE, and slow, with solitary steps
 I trace the gardens wonted paths, by late
 Remorse, and impotent regret, compell'd
 To ruminate on youthful follies, sad
 Original of thousand ills, of dire
 Misfortune's baleful train th' unheeded source :
 Pale Poverty, whose spectre form attends
 Sorrow and faded Care, and haughty Scorn
 Of sterner aspect, and Unkindness harsh
 The glance averting of her alter'd eye
 At the dread nod of her terrific Queen:

B

Through

Through the same ways my feet unguided bear
 Me oft-returning, as the restless bird
 Of summer, in repeated circles flies
 With rapid wing, and panting fears to fix
 Her claws adhesive on the grassy turf :
 Thus circling move I with unequal pace,
 Regardless of the never-ceasing hum
 That fills my unattending ears ; the laugh
 Of playful children through the swarming street
 In eager chase, and jocund merriment
 Pursuing each the other ; the loud peal
 Of bells, to melody by neighb'ring stream
 Soften'd from harshest tone, the rattling car,
 And hoarser jarring of the pond'rous wain,
 With all th' incessant din of busied trade.

Nor less unnotic'd is each rural sound
 That strikes my once-enraptur'd ear, the song

Of whistling blackbird, the soft-cooing dove,
 The bleat of ewe distress'd, that earnest calls
 Her wanton young far wand'ring from her side
 In heedless gambols through the neighb'ring mead.
 In vain from yonder copse, whose boughs o'erhang
 Stour's cavern'd banks, sad Philomel repeats
 Her melancholy strain, with throat compress'd
 Hoarse-gurgling now, and now with lengthen'd notes
 Of still small sound preluding to a song
 Of richest, thickly-warbled melody.
 To other ears, sweet bird, address thy lay !
 Thy strains, the sweet artificers of calm
 Delight, and pensive pleasure, are of pow'r
 To sooth to wish'd forgetfulness the cares
 Of less afflicted mortals, whilst my mind
 Brooding o'er mis'ry, dull to other sense,
 Heeds not thy plaintive tale, thy tale of woes.
 How light thy sorrows, when compar'd with mine !

But ah less tuneful my complaint, and rude
 The cadence of my verse; the mind oppress'd
 Builds not with symmetry, and proportions due
 The lofty rhyme, but oft in vain essays
 To rise, by spirit-damping cares weigh'd down,
 As sickning bird that droops with moulting wing.
 To thee unmindful of past ills, a few
 Short vernal suns, forgetfulness will bring
 Of thy lost brood, and fond maternal hopes
 To rear a second tuneful progeny.
 To thee regardless of impending want
 Each lonely dingle, and each hilly croft
 Abundant food supplies, where swarming ants
 People the black'ning hillocks earthy round.
 For me, nor fleeting months, nor grateful change
 Of seasons, in successive order roll'd,
 Nor fluctuating ebb of human things
 A long-lost brother can restore, or bid

Fond mem'ry from her living tablets raze
 The manly virtues, gracefully severe,
 That high exalted his aspiring soul
 Above the vulgar herd; yet gentler oft
 Their native firmness would relax, 'mid souls
 Congenial, and in social converse mild,
 Disclose each rare endowment, Attic wit
 Temper'd by stronger sense, and copious stores
 Of classic lore, harmoniously commix'd
 With genuine thought, and knowledge underiv'd.
 Nor feldom would he with a master's hand
 Strike to bold chords the lyric shell, or pour
 In freedom unrestrain'd the flowing rhyme.*

O early-lost farewell! th' officious muse
 True to affection's call, would duly pay

* See the following Poem, entitled "The Pyramids of Egypt."

To thy lov'd shade, the well-deserved meed
 Of tuneful tears, but that the icy hand
 Of poverty with numbing influence choak
 Chill'd inspiration's half-extinguished flame.
 Fain would she sing how Itchen parent-stream
 Struck with deep sorrow, check'd his murm'ring waves
 Too eager haste ; whilst on his banks he view'd
 Thy length'ning fun'ral's melancholy pomp
 In solemn, measur'd paces, slowly move.
 Fain would she sing, how to old Ocean's court
 The god repairing, 'mid th' assembled train
 Of kindred deities, in speech abrupt
 His fatal message told, th' untimely fate
 Of him, his luckless favorite, which heard,
 Sudden fair Isis, mute with sorrow, droops,
 And from his chrystal throne, astonish'd Thames
 Leaps, and with eager violence dashes down
 His coral sceptre on the azure floor.

Him weeps the goddess of her tuneful sons
 The first, the chiefest, him, the god who erst
 In Latian strains of manliest energy
 Loud sung the praise of his majestic stream.*

Yet still, though quench'd her native flame, the muse
 Upheld by Patience, and her sister bland
 Calm Resignation, can with pious zeal
 Kifs the afflictive rod, and though oppress'd
 With fruitless anguish, impotent regret,
 Can bless the gracious pow'r that gives, nor blame
 The hand that takes away, fond thought ! perhaps
 Left the drear prospect of the ills that wait
 A brother's house, should with too keen a sting
 His wakeful sense of woes fraternal wound.
 Still does she seem, though rev'rend awe restrain

* See the Latin Poem entitled " Rex Fluviorum Thamefis."

Her ken inquisitive, to view conceal'd
 Beneath each just dispose of heav'n, some wise,
 Some merciful intent, some real good
 Unhop'd for, springing from imagin'd ill.

Still, though the sacrifice of scorn, she tread

This vale of tears with poverty her guide,

Yet arm'd with holy courage can she frame

Her meek petition thus "Thou gracious pow'r

"Parent of good, omniscient Lord, accept

"Thy lowly servant's grateful thanks, how due!

"For that thy tender and paternal care

"Of human frailty mindful, and the charm

"Of unresisted wealth, hath kindly plac'd

"The least, the lowest of thy worshippers

"In poverty's secure, though barren shade,

"O may my feeble virtue, impotent

"Of good, but for thy timely aid, derive

"New strength from thy due chastisement, nor sink

"In

" In blank dejection spiritless, though clouds
 " Of gath'ring woe impend ; but rather taught
 " Affliction's wisdom-giving lore, subdued
 " Wild passion's clam'rous train, that vanquish'd yield
 " To moderation's sway th' usurped breast ;
 " And calm'd by charity, meek, christian grace,
 " In passive patience bear th' unheeded taunts
 " Of scornful pride, th' oppressive violence
 " Of wrested law, the loss of former fame,
 " With all the accumulated ills that still
 " Th' unenvied haunts of poverty attend."

THE
PYRAMIDS OF ÆGYPT,

*Written in the year 1771, at Winchester College, by
the late Reverend Thomas Warton, of New College,
Oxford.*

QUEEN of the east, whose penetrating mind
Disclos'd the light of science to mankind ;
Who gave each arts' fair offspring to arise,
Who taught Astronomy to wing the skies,
Where Property and Order first began,
And sacred Law, chief excellence of man ;
How art thou fall'n ! thy glories, Ægypt, fled,
Thy sons of wisdom sunk among the dead !

But still aspires yon structure's cloud-capt height,
 O'er Cairo's turrets less'ning to the fight :
 Still does the Arab wild, who wanders nigh,
 Search for the well-known top with weary eye.
 High, as old Sangar crown'd with waving woods,
 (The father he of Nilus' thund'ring floods)
 Lifts to the nearer stars his pine-clad brow,
 And frowns upon the humble cliffs below :
 So yon aerial pile, whose topmost stone
 (Where hovers round the stork with clam'rous moan,
 And fears to place so high her infant brood)
 Is rough with antique charms, and numbers rude ;
 Such as could cause Nile's constant stream to fail,
 Such as could strip Behemoth's iron mail,
 Such as could blast the hope of Ægypt's land,
 Or plant the fig-tree in the burning sand,
 Such as could desert make Osiris' dome,
 Or fix the tented Arab to an home.

Scarce

Scarce on the top is heard the well-known fong,
 And bell, which leads the merchant train along,
 While camels, rich with many a foreign bale,
 Wind slowly trooping up the echoing vale.
 Scarce can you view beneath the failor's toil,
 And sheeted masts that whiten all the Nile;
 Scarce can you hear the din of loud resort,
 And busy murmurs of the crouded port,

But what avails the pomp of regal state?
 The pride of art so impotently great?
 Did nation then with foreign nation join,
 And half the world to aid this work combine,
 That the swath'd ghosts of Kings of ancient race,
 Might sweep along these walls in ampler space?
 That foul corruption 'mid this pomp might reign,
 And feast in pillar'd halls her crawling train?

Britannia!

Britannia ! think of Ægypt, and of Rome,
 Nor lift for luxury the high-roof'd dome :
 Let charity her fav'ring pinions spread
 O'er ev'ry rising structure's tow'ring head ;
 Let age ne'er curse thy building's usefess state,
 Let want sit smiling at each palace gate ;
 So shall thy glory stand to future days,
 And ev'ry Briton rival Wickham's praise.

REX FLUVIORUM THAMESIS,

Auctore Thomâ Warton, 1772.

[This Poem obtained the annual Prize-Medal at Winchester College in the year 1772.]

UNDARUM venerande Pater, qui sternis inanem
 Majestate gravi fremitum, & tacito agmine pergis,
 Ito, fretis effunde tibi quas Anglia læta
 Credit opes, tardoque advolvere in æquora fluctu!
 Ite, O Naiades, nam vestras Thamesis undas
 Ipse vocat faciles Genitor, fluviosque sequaces,
 Ite choro propero peramabile plaudite littus,
 Divæ, qua circum naturæ dædalus Ordo
 Panditur, & rerum variarum oblectat imago.

Jactet

Jactet olivetum licet atque cacumen Hymetti
 Iliffus, licet ostendat convallis honores
 Peneus insignis, regalesque irriget hortos
 Flumine felici Tigris, tua, Sequana, rura,
 Et vineta colat fautor dilecta Lyæus;
 Pulchrior Ilisso hic Fluvius, potioraque Tempe,
 Flaventesque agri Pæstana rosaria vincunt
 Et nitidas jactant quas Gallica littora vites.

O quis me ponat sublimi in vertice collis
 Surgit ubi clivo molli Richmondia, & æquor
 Subiectum aspectat, circum undique florea rura
 Templaque confurgunt, lateque patentia culta,
 Et Sylvarum umbræ vario discrimine sparsæ
 Per campos, armenta inter, divisaque agrorum
 Messis; nativo medius sinuamine lapsus
 Littoreas falices, & tecta propinqua domorum

Riparum

Riparum villas ostentat latior amnis,
Dum tremulis undis adverfo sole relucet:

Hic olim veteres, Regalis sæva Tyranni
Sceptra indignati, Montanis arcibus agmen
Conjuratorum procerum, & focia arma vocantes,
Jus libertatis sacrum, fædusque colendum
Firmarunt, Britones ; vidisti signa secuta
Cristatosque duces, vidisti in margine ripæ,
Dum lætus tacitas preffisti Thamefis undas,
Affixum marmor, circum et suspenfa Tropæa.
Extat adhuc faxum, monumentum immane, superstes,
Insignit memoremque locum pactumque notandum.
Contra ubi tecta specus pendentia pumice vivo,
Et Tophos pandit nativos, fila Popeius
Suavia percurrrens, musas in vota vocavit,
Argumentum ingens reputans, & digna camænâ
Nomina, te Pater alme, tuoque in littore sylvas

Vinso-

Vinforias celebrans, turriti et culmina tecti,
 Culmina, quæ quondam mirandâ insigniit arte
 Wiccamus Pater, antiqui monumenta laboris.

Salve! sancta domus Regum, tuque Aula verenda
 Heroum mater falveto, ubi in ordine longo
 Insignem comitatum Equites, Edvardus in armis
 Conjunxit, dum scuto atro, triplicique, decora
 Exuviis Galli, plumâ, se regia agebat
 Digna Patrum victor soboles ante ora parentis.

Majori affurgas æstu, majora fluenta
 Devolvias, Rex Undarum, qua Augusta superbam
 Infigit sedem, ripamque accingit utramque
 Turribus, Urbs Regina Orbis; quæ quantaque moles
 Fluctibus infertur, connectensque arcubus arcus,
 Despicit illisasque undas & vana frementes.
 Aspice, ut innumeris albescunt littora velis,

Innumeris remis vada fervent, inclytus auro
 Plata, tibi cedros onerat, nativæque Volgam
 Innatat altum abies, tibi, Flumen, ferica Ganges
 Dat vexilla notis fluitare, et Turca, tiarâ
 Submissâ, vestras turres miratur, & ædem
 Antiquam Petri, Medinæque æmula busta,
 Heroum sacras defixus suspicit urnas.

Illustres Regum manes, Umbræque verendæ
 Augustam incolitis quæ sedem, Audite, sepultis
 Si qua manet patriæ pietas, audite, nepotum
 Emeritas laudes, ut vestra Britannia, tanta
 Vertice sublimi gentes supereminet omnes,
 Quantus in Oceani Genitoris Thamefis aulâ
 Urnam majorem ostendens, & plura tropæa
 Contemnit divos alios, turbamque minorem.

PART OF THE FIRST BOOK
 OF THE
 ARGONAUTICS
 OF
 APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

PHŒBUS inspire my song, while I resound
 The deeds of men, in days of yore renown'd,
 That o'er rough Pontus to the Phasian shores
 Urg'd the swift Argo with unwearied oars ;
 And by stern Pelias sent, restor'd to Greece
 The radiant honors of the golden fleece.

For thus, O Phœbus, from the Delphic cell
 Thrice Pelias heard thee Fate's decree foretel,

" A stranger, with one foot unshod and bare,
 " Shall soon arrive—Of him, O King, beware."
 Thus spoke the god; when Jason pass'd the plains,
 Where roar'd Anaurus swell'n with wintry rains,
 And as he strove to ford th' indignant flood,
 Sudden immerg'd beneath the rising mud,
 Each shoe forsook his feet—with one regain'd
 He hastes to Pelias' hall—so Fate ordain'd;
 He hastes the solemn festal rites to share
 Which Pelias then (and such his annual care)
 To Neptune chief, and all th' immortals paid,
 Yet still was Argive Juno disobey'd.
 Instant the King, as Jason met his eyes,
 " Lo! this the man decreed by Phœbus," cries:
 Then strait, th' impending danger to prevent,
 To distant seas and shores the youth he sent,
 To strive with shipwrecks on the watry way,
 Or fall to savage men an helpless prey.

Fame oft has told how Argus' dædal hand
 Rear'd the huge frame, that bore the val'rous band.
 Be mine the birth of each, and toils, to sing;
 Ye Muses all your aid propitious, bring!
 With Orpheus' sacred name begin the song,
 Whom, sweetest filter of the tuneful throng,
 Calliope, to brave Æagrus bore
 Where steep Parnassus rears his forests hoar.
 He bent the stubborn cliffs by music's force,
 His verse could tame the torrent's headlong course.
 Ev'n now the shore of Thracian Zone along,
 Fair monuments of his prevailing song.
 Tall, spreading beeches wave in verdant row,
 Drawn by his harp, from Pindus' neighb'ring brow.
 Him, King of Thrace, the partner of his woes,
 As Chiron sagely counsell'd, Jason chose.
 And next, for whom his Sire Cometes tri'd
 Love's joys on proud Apidnus' fruitful fide,

(There, where his streams, vast regions wander'd o'er,
Pour on Enipeus' tides in horrid roar)

Afterion, 'mid the chiefs enroll'd his name ;

To him succeeds the mighty Polypheme ;

Lariffa's glitt'ring tow'rs his fam'd abode,

Who, when with youthful heat his bosom glow'd,

Shone 'mid the Lapithæ in conqu'ring arms

To quell th' invading Centaurs loud alarms.

Though now cold age his fainting frame opprefs'd,

Yet still the martial spirit warm'd his breast.

Nor long in native Phylace detain'd

Uncle of Jason, Iphitus remain'd.

He joins the band by ties domestic led,

His blooming sister shar'd old Æson's bed.

Admetus too forfook his spreading flocks,

And pastures bord'ring fair Chalcydon's rocks.

And next, who boast the son of May their Sire,

Their mother Menetus Antianire,

With

With Echion, Erytus adorn the band
 Skill'd in their father's fly deceit of hand.
 To these soft-tongued Æthalides succeeds
 Their brother, whom beneath the whisp'ring reeds
 That thinly shade Amphryffus' winding shore,
 The martial Myrmidonian Pthias bore.
 With these advanc'd from Gyrtó's lofty feats
 Coronus tried in war, and manly feats,
 Yet was his Sire still fiercer in the fight
 Who single turn'd the Centaur-train to flight ;
 Tho' soon the Centaur-train resum'd their rage,
 Fac'd back, and dar'd th' invading chief engage.
 But tho' nor steel his hardy limbs might gore,
 From Pelion's fides the nodding pines they tore ;
 With these rush'd dreadful on, and buried deep
 His yet unbroken limbs beneath the branching heap.
 Next Mopfus came, whom Phœbus taught to sing
 The flight of birds, and omens of the wing.

You too Eurydamas, your feat forsake
 Where Thracian Xynias sleeps, a fullen lake.
 And Actor rous'd his son, from Opoen's tow'rs
 To gain new palms amid th' assembled pow'rs.
 Then haste Eurytion and Erybote,
 Of Actor this, of Teleon that begot.
 With these Oileus skill'd or to oppose
 Or chafe in headlong flight the trembling foes.
 And Canthus mingled in the val'rous train
 Sent by Canethus from th' Eubæan plain,
 But brave, and warm'd with glorious hopes in vain.
 Ev'n now th' unerring Fates foretold his doom
 Ev'n now they destin'd him an early tomb,
 (With Mopfus, skilful of prophetic lore)
 Far off on Lybia's solitary shore.
 From Cholcis far, as from the western way
 In orient glory dawns the god of day.

And

And next proud regents of th' Æchalian land,
 Clytius, and Iphitus encrease the band ;
 Their Sire stern Erytus, the Bowyer-god
 On whom his quiver'd stores and bow bestow'd ;
 But foon the chief (ah ill-requited gift)
 Dar'd his own arms, against the god to lift.

Nor shall th' Æacidæ be lost to fame
 Diff'rent their cities, tho' their birth the same :
 For since in evil hour, and angry mood
 They dar'd to dip their hands in brother's blood,
 Beneath their guilty steel since Phocus bled,
 Far from Ægina's native tow'rs they fled.
 You, Telamon, in Atthis fix'd your feat,
 Pthias to Peleus gave a safe retreat.
 Nor martial Butes, from Cecropia's plain
 Bold Teleon's offspring, shall unsung remain.

And

And brave Phalerus' name shall deck my page,
 The blossom of his Sire's declining age :
 Yet tho' this son alone remain'd to shed
 The balm of comfort o'er his hoary head ;
 Tho' blossom of his age, from his lov'd side,
 Far off he sent the boy to stem the stormy tide.
 Meantime, the bravest of the Athenian train
 Theseus was held, in Pluto's heavy chain.
 Since for Pirithous, his slaughter'd friend,
 He dar'd to hell's dark passages descend.
 Else both in Jason's aid had deign'd to rise,
 And made the beamy fleece an easier prize.

Typhis Agniades shall next be sung,
 From the Siphæan tribe in Thespia sprung.
 'Twas his the future tempest to foretel,
 And when the billowy plains would sink or swell,

'Twas

'Twas his, as sun or stars gave sign to guide
 The murm'ring prow secure along the tide.
 A welcome chief, amid' th' heroic band
 He claim'd a place at Pallas' high command;
 Pallas who lent to Argus skill divine,
 And taught the sage to shape the Pelian pine,
 Than which no ship amid' the watry roar
 Mov'd more obedient to the struggling oar.
 Then Phlias march'd from Erythreas' tow'rs
 His fable fountain where Asopus pours.
 With these be, Talaus, thy name enroll'd,
 Areius and Læodocus the bold.
 Argos their feat, and Bias was their Sire,
 With Neleis Pero mix'd in soft desire.
 For whom within Iphiclus' plenteous stall
 Long time Melampus groan'd in weary thrall.
 Nor now could Hercules inactive sleep
 While all with mutual ardor fought the deep.

Soon

Soon as it struck th' exulting hero's ear
 How press'd the gallant chiefs from far and near,
 Sudden his hasty feet retrod the plain,
 O'er which constrain'd in many a massy chain,
 He bore the savage of Lampeia's wood
 That waves o'er Erymanthus' sedgey flood.
 Which 'mid Mycenæ's chiefs assembled round
 His huge hands heav'd scarce struggling to the ground.
 Sudden he hastes as glory warm'd his breast,
 Nor urg'd by fell Eurytheus' dire behest,
 To meet th' assembled pow'rs :—beneath his side
 Hylas appears, in youth's fresh-springing pride.
 Hylas the constant partner of his care
 And faithful still his darts and bow to bear.
 With these was Nauplius seen in arms to shine
 Nauplius the seed of Danaus divine.
 Nauplius in naval arts by none outvied
 That occupied their business on the tide.

By Danais Amymone disclos'd to birth,
 His Sire the god that shakes the solid earth.
 Last of the chiefs that Argos turrets boast
 Idmon was added to th' advent'rous host ;
 Tho' 'mid that host the chief his death foretold,
 Skill'd in the lots that Fate's dark volumes hold ;
 Yet still to shun the coward's hated name
 He gave his life, a forfeit prize for fame :
 Nor he, as fame reports, of Abas born
 But of the god, that gives ambrosial morn,
 By him inspir'd, the sage could well divine
 From flight of birds, and each refulgent sign.
 With Jason next to gain of fame the meed
 Pollux the tamer of the fiery steed,
 And Castor on victorious deeds intent
 From Sparta's lofty turrets Leda sent.
 Their birth divine how better could they prove
 What task more glorious for the sons of Jove ?

And

And next their limbs with might prodigious brac'd,
 Lynceus and Idas from Arena haste ;
 Nor so renown'd was Lynceus' hardy might,
 As the keen vigour of his piercing fight,
 Which, if tradition fables not, survey'd
 Thro' earth's deep centre hell's sequester'd shade.
 You too, Periclymene, the train adorn
 Eldest of Neleus' sons in Pylos born,
 Thee Neptune taught in dangers of the fight
 To shift at will thy shape, and cheat the fight.
 Nor thou to speak the names, benignant Muse,
 Of Cepheus, and Amphidamas refuse,
 Aleus their Sire, and on th' Arcadian plain
 Their proud inheritance Apheidas' reign.
 With Tegeas' tow'rs, Ancæus these attends
 Their eldest brother, whom Lycurgus sends.
 Himself the part of filial duty chose
 To cheer his hoary father's soft repose.

The youth, undeck'd with steel's resplendent pride,
 Wore of a savage boar the horrid hide,
 On Mænalus o'ershadow'd summits slain;
 His hands a two-edg'd battle-ax sustain,
 For cautious to detain him safe at home,
 Within the lofty castle's inmost dome,
 (Vain stratagem, the breast when glory warms)
 Aleus conceal'd the stripling's radiant arms.
 Then lame Augæas boastful of his Sire
 The god that rolls, bright Heav'ns diurnal fire,
 Fir'd with ideas of the Colchian land
 He left o'er Eleas' tow'rs his wide command,
 Eager the Scythian tyrant to behold
 He left his shining heaps of treasure'd gold.
 And next from val'rous Hyperæus sprung
 Amphion, and Asterius shall be sung;
 Their feat Pellene fair, which Pallas plac'd
 Where the scoop'd shores resist the watry waste.

Next

Next Polypheme from Tænarus sublime
 Eager advanc'd the wond'rous bark to climb ;
 Well was he skill'd in airy course to sweep
 O'er the blue surface of the level deep ;
 And as the watry passage he pursued,
 Scarce his suspended feet the brine bedew'd.
 Brave Tytius' daughter whom Europa gave
 To birth ; his Sire, the god that rules the wave.
 And next, who Neptune's sacred lineage boast
 Ancæus and Erginus join the host ;
 This from the tow'rs that bear Miletus' name,
 From Samos, that, where Juno's altars flame ;
 Or skill'd to guide the vessel o'er the main,
 Or urge the thunder of th' embattled plain.
 The glorious conq'ror of the monstrous boar,
 Next Meleager leaves th' Ætolian shore ;
 Æneus his Sire, and Æneus' brother came
 Laocoon, yet not their birth the fame,
 His mother was a mercenary dame.

'Twas his with precepts mild of sapient age,
 To guide his youthful nephew's headlong rage.
 But had that youth within his native land
 Told one year longer, ere he join'd the band
 O'er all his virtues had superior shone,
 Excell'd by godlike Hercules alone.
 To him succeeds Iphiclus in the rear
 Skill'd with unerring arm to launch the spear.
 Or o'er the level green with winged pace
 To bound the foremost in the rapid race.
 Next Palæmonius, Lernus' offspring brave,
 His aid with zealous pride to Jafon gave.
 Lernus his name, but Vulcan was his race,
 For with one foot he limp'd an awkward pace.
 Yet strong besides, and beauteous was his frame,
 And fir'd his breast with valour's genuine flame.
 The son of Naubolus next honour warms
 Phocensian Iphitus to shine in arms:

Brave Jafon's host, what time from Pythos' fane
 Phœbus foretold his dangers on the main.
 Zetes, and Calais, next the heroes join
 Of winged Boreas, the sons divine,
 Who shar'd in Orithûias' fierce embrace
 Far in the frozen bounds of wintry Thrace.
 For as the festal dance the virgin led
 O'er the green banks by fair Iliffus fed,
 The god beheld her, and, enamour'd, bore
 Far off to bleak Erginus sounding shore,
 And where Sarpedon's tow'ring summits rise
 Heaving to Heav'n his cliffs of horrid ice,
 Bade rise around a fable mantling cloud
 From mortal view their mutual joys to shroud.
 Each chief with swiftness more than mortal springs
 And shakes on either feet his gloomy wings ;
 Which to the sun (cœlestial fight) unfold
 Gay-glancing scales that blaze with burnish'd gold ;
While

While down their backs a sheet of azure hair
Rolls in redundant curls, and floats abroad in air.

Nor now th' indulgence of domestic ease
Detain'd Acastus from the stormy seas.
Nor Argus was away, whose dædal hand
Well knew to frame the works which Pallas plann'd.

Such were the chiefs in Jafon's cause who came,
Whom all around the Minyan noble's name
For all the bravest of the chosen host,
Their high descent from Minyas' daughters boast :
From Minyas sprung the beauteous Alcimede
Bore the brave chief, the val'rous train who led.

Now stood the ship in all her fair array
Complete, and furnish'd for the watry way :

The Princes haste to the Magnesian strand
 Where, Pagasæ, thy far-fam'd summits stand;
 And as around them press the thick'ning crouds
 Blaze forth like silver stars, from fable clouds.
 All on their dazzling arms in silence gaze
 Awhile; then thus disclose their deep amaze.
 "Eternal Jove! what unforeseen alarm!
 "Say, why should Greece her bravest warriors arm?
 "This pomp of war, Oh whither can she send?
 "Or what can Pelias' dark designs intend.
 "Unless Æetes reconcil'd to peace
 "To yon brave host resign the radiant fleece;
 "One day shall see the tyrant's stately spires
 "Smoke on the ground enwrapp'd in Grecian fires.
 "If thou, great Jove, but smooth the Pontic tide
 "And bid for Jason ev'ry storm subside."

Meantime the matrons for their safe return
 Prefer the pray'r, the steaming incense burn;

Nor was their woe for Alcimede oppress'd,

While each her lov'd associate thus address'd :

" Comes them at last misfortune's dreary storm

" Thy life's unclouded evening to deform ?

" Sad Alcimede ! and do the Fates deny

" Thine years to set, in mild serenity ;

" But doubly, Æson, is thy woe severe

" Far better born upon the fable bier,

" Thine aged limbs had slept in earth's cold womb,

" Ere thou hadst known thy Jason's dreary doom.

" Oh had the radiant ram when Helle died

" With Phrixus whelm'd beneath the closing tide

" Ne'er liv'd in human accents to disclose

" The dark decrees of fate, and future woes."

And next of various sex, and various years,

Amid her weeping slaves, the Queen appears.

While Æson sunk in languor as he lies

Bedews the bed of age with all a father's eyes,

But Jafon strives their unavailing woes
 With balmy words of comfort to compose,
 And bids th' assistants to the founding shore
 Of well-tried weapons waft an ample store ;
 In silent grief th' assistant train obey,
 And, weeping, to the vessel take their way.
 But Alcimede, with woe superior stung,
 Round Jafon's neck in fond embraces hung ;
 The Virgin thus whom cruel fate detain
 Beneath some rig'rous step-dame's tedious chain,
 (Who each sad day with harsh ungentle sounds,
 And taunts severe her meeker nature wounds,)
 To soothe the sadness of her state forlorn
 With her hoar-tressed nurse is seen to mourn :
 Around her well-known neck her arms she throws,
 And scarce for sighs can the big grief disclose.
 Thus, as in close embrace she clasp'd her son,
 Her sorrowing plaint had Alcimede begun :

“ Unhappy

" Unhappy Queen ! Oh had thy limbs been laid
 " Long since in dark oblivion's silent shade,
 " From life at once and sorrow's anguish freed,
 " When Pelias thy sad destiny decreed.
 " Then thy dear hands my languid eyes had clos'd,
 " And in the tomb my breathless corse compos'd.
 " This only office of thy filial care
 " Thy wretched mother fondly hop'd to share.
 " Ah what avails, that each Theffalian dame
 " Once heard with duteous awe my lofty name,
 " If joyless through my desolated dome
 " I like a captive maid am doom'd to roam !
 " Since all that lofty name I once could boast,
 " And all my glories are in Jason lost !
 " For thee I first and last unloos'd the zone,
 " For thee I felt Lucina's pangs alone.
 " O unexpected stroke ! undreamt-of blow !
 " That Phrixus' flight should prove the source of woe !"

Thus wept the Queen, th' attendant train receive
 Her loud laments, and struck with mutual sorrow grieve,
 When Jason thus his prudent speech address'd,
 " Add not new griefs to this distracted breast ;
 " For wretched mortals righteous Jove prepares
 " A still-succeffive train of weary cares ;
 " Yet, Oh my mother, let it sooth thy grief
 " That Pallas lends thy son her sage relief,
 " That lucky signs are giv'n from Phœbus shrine
 " And all the flow'r of valiant Greece is mine :
 " Do thou retir'd, with this thy faithful train,
 " Peaceful at home, in calm repose, remain ;
 " Yet Oh restrain thy unavailing tears,
 " Nor thus, divine of ill, awake our fears !"

He spoke, and trod with loftier pace along,
 Thick, and more thick, advance the eager throng :

As when Apollo leaves his fragrant shrine
 Within his native Delos, isle divine,
 Or from proud Claros, or from Delphos moves
 Or Xanthus streams that lave wide Lycia's groves :
 So mov'd great Jafon, through the yielding croud,
 The many rend the skies with plaudits loud.
 Iphias, by duty urg'd, though bent with age
 (Of guardian Artemis the Priests sage)
 With feeble steps, scarce struggles thro' the band
 To kiss the parting heroes holy hand.
 Much would she say, but unrestrain'd and rude
 On the short interview the crouds intrude ;
 And urging with resistless force aside
 The weeping Matron from the chief divide.

Now reach his steps the Pagasæan strand
 Where lodg'd in Argo wait the godlike band.

He

He mounts her lofty sides, in order'd rows
 The chiefs fall back, and one deep file compose.
 Now from the town advancing to the bay
 Argus, and young Acastus, they survey :
 Yet came they not, as will'd their haughty Sire,
 But mad for fame, and fill'd with votive fire.
 Argus in many a dreadful fold unfurls
 A bull's rough hide o'erspread with fable curls ;
 Adown his mighty limbs, embroider'd o'er
 With dædal hand, a vest Acastus wore,
 Which erst his sister Pelopea wove,
 And gave her brother, monument of love.
 Meantime, lest every tongue with varied sound
 Of earnest questions order should confound,
 A solemn council, thro' th' obedient band
 Is held in state at Jason's high command :
 Some on the cordage and the sails are plac'd
 Some take their seats, along the prostrate mast.

When

When Jafon thus address'd th' affembled train,

" Whate'er may fit our vessel for the main,

" Or deck, or guard us, through the watry road

" Is duly, O my bounteous friends, bestow'd.

" Then why delay to bid th' unfurled sail

" Wait the first whispers of the prosp'rous gale.

" Yet Oh since all one common cause unite

" One toil to stem the stormy seas invite ;

" All to subdue the proud Æetes burn

" All wish to native Greece, a safe return :

" Ere yet we part, lest future contests rise,

" Some gallant leader of our enterprife,

" With caution chuse ; or in the stern debate

" To guide th' embattled bands, with mind sedate ;

" Or if the Scythian King to peace incline

" In holy league the plighted hand to join."

He spoke ; on Hercules with one consent

Silent awhile their eager eyes they bent,

As

As in the midst he sat, then loudly cried,

“ Be gallant Hercules, our godlike guide.”

Stern from his seat, he thus address'd the band,

As all aloft he waves his mighty hand :

“ To me a task too glorious is decreed ;

“ That chief alone th' assembled troops shall lead,

“ Who first conven'd us, urg'd by warmer zeal :

“ Who dares deny Alcides' rage shall feel.”

He spoke, around approving clamours ran ;

Then Jason rose, and joyful thus began :

“ Since with united voice, my friends, ye deign

“ That I conduct your labours o'er the main,

“ Left ought retard us in the dang'rous way

“ Our festal rites to Phœbus first we'll pay :

“ And whilst my swains select of fairest hue

“ Victims to deck the feast with honour due ;

“ Our-

" Ourselves will heave the vessel from the shores
 " Dispose the seats, adjust th' allotted oars :
 " Then sacred to th' Embasian pow'r divine
 " Our hands along the beach shall rear a shrine ;
 " Who promis'd to direct our path aright,
 " And ope old Ocean to my piercing fight.
 " If ere my contest with the Colchian Lord,
 " His aid were first in sacred rites implor'd."

He spoke, and to the toil his hands address'd
 His great example kindling ev'ry breast :
 They bare their limbs, their vests a radiant heap
 Are thrown in haste upon a rocky steep
 That o'er the sea's retreating surface rose,
 Yet recent from the wave, and wet with ooze.
 On either side, the naval armament
 Duly they place on Argus' voice intent ;

The

The stores in happiest regulation place
 The piny texture more completely brace ;
 The looser planks with nails tenacious bind,
 So shall her sides outbrave the rushing wind :
 Then dig a trench, as Argo long and wide,
 Whence to the waves descending she might glide,
 Equal at first, the end with gradual sweep
 Sunk deeper, reach'd the hoarse-refounding deep :
 To this adapted in due-order'd rows
 Beneath the keel, smooth leavers they dispose,
 That when the first were touch'd, without delay
 She o'er the rest might win her easy way :
 Then to the thongs their oars inverted bound
 On either side, and form two ranks around :
 To these their hands, and hardy breasts apply,
 Tiphys applauds the toil with cheering cry.
 Eager they rush with hands, and breasts conjoin'd
 And still a firmer footing seem to find :

Bursts from the trench the huge reluctant frame,
 The striving heroes pour the loud acclaim.
 Groan'd the stretch'd leavers, the vast keel beneath,
 Issues the smoke in many a darksome wreath.
 With crashing sound she shoots into the main,
 The chiefs with skill her farther course restrain ;
 Then make their oars in the smooth sockets fast,
 And in the midship rear the spiry mast.
 Then as the shaken lots their seats dispose
 By pairs the heroes fill successive rows ;
 Yet in the midst, a more distinguish'd space,
 Ancæus Tegeas pow'rful King they place
 With godlike Hercules, to these alone
 As of superior rank was favour shown.
 But to brave Tiphys as of skill well-tried,
 They gave the vessel's doubtful helm to guide.
 Then of rude stones, that form'd the craggy shore,
 The wand'ring chiefs collect an ample store ;

Of these devoted to th' Epactian name
 Of great Embafius, an high altar frame ;
 And on its top by rites paternal led
 A fading olive's leaflefs branches fpread.

Meantime, the fwains as Jafon gave command,
 Conduft the victims to the winding ftand ;
 The falted cake prepare, the lavers bring
 Fill'd with pure water from the chryftal fpring ;
 When thus in proftate adoration laid
 To Phœbus pow'r paternal, Jafon pray'd :
 " Hear, Pagafæan King, whose fabled fway
 " My father Æfon's lofty tow'rs obey,
 (" And think that from thy own prophetic tongue
 " This train of all my deftin'd labours fprung)
 " Do thou direct us to the wifh'd-for fleece,
 " And waft our fhip again to native Greece.

" To

" To thee, for every chief whose safe return
 " Thy pow'r shall grant, a votive bull shall burn ;
 " And many an off'ring hung aloft shall shine,
 " Both at thy Pythian, and Ortygian shrine.
 " Ere yet we sail, regard with fav'ring eyes
 " This our first gift of solemn sacrifice.
 " O pow'rful patron of th' unerring bow
 " Ere yet we loose, some lucky omen show,
 " If you but smile, each ruder storm shall sleep,
 " And peace sit brooding o'er th' unruffled deep."

Thus pray'd the chief, and next in order due
 The salted cake on Ocean's bosom threw ;
 While Hercules and bold Ancæus rise
 To slay the victims for the sacrifice.
 On this with headlong hand the son of Jove
 Where rose the front, his club's huge burden drove ;

Low sinks the beast beneath the knotty mass :
 The brother-bull with battle-axe of brass
 Ancæus smote ; where tempting to the blade
 Its ridgy length of brawn the neck display'd.
 Spouts the black blood, the solid tendons burst,
 Prone falling on his horns he ploughs the dust.
 The limbs they sever from th' inclosing hide
 The thighs selected to the gods divide,
 On these in double caul involv'd with art,
 The choicest morsels lay from every part,
 Then on the cleft-wood place ; the flames aspire
 While Jason feeds with votive wine the fire.
 Prophetic Idmon views with ravish'd eyes
 The grateful steam o'er all the off'ring rise ;
 And as the curling volume he surveys,
 The oracle of Phœbus thus displays :
 " The fates indulgent give ye to restore
 " The golden fleece to Grecia's native shore ;

" Yet

" Yet ere your wish'd return from savage foes,

" From tempests, ye shall feel unnumber'd woes.

" For me, some luckless dæmon will ordain

" An early death, on Libya's lonely plain.

" This doom long since has my pervading eye

" Learn'd from the leaves of dark futurity.

" Yet what if death my enterprize await,

" Be that, if glory crown my name, my fate."

He spoke, attentive to the prophet's voice

The heroes for their safe return rejoice :

Yet inly griev'd they, for th' untimely doom

Of Idmon destin'd to an early tomb.

Now came mild eve, the golden orb of day

Hasten'd to bath him in the western bay ;

The tow'ring cliffs with verdant woods array'd

Projected o'er the plains a longer shade.

With careful hands, the heroes on the shore,
 Where from the sands retir'd the billows hoar,
 Of high-heap'd leaves an ample couch compose,
 There rest their mighty limbs in order'd rows.
 In portion'd share rich viands smok'd around,
 And luscious wine the copious goblets crown'd.
 Then various talk among the chiefs arose
 Such as from friendship's genial fountain flows ;
 From mutual intercourse of op'ning souls
 When youthful breasts are warm'd with flowing bowls.
 Meantime in solemn silence Jason sat
 Revolving in his mind the will of fate :
 Despair's dark clouds involve his musing brows,
 While Ocean's wave, in thought, the hero ploughs.
 Idas observ'd and thus with ill-tim'd rage,
 " Jason what various thoughts, thy mind engage ?
 " Unless thy tongue by tardy fear be froze,
 " The secret purpose of thy heart disclose.

" Dege-

' Degen'rate chief! and sinks thy soul with fear?

" Now swear I by this oft-victorious spear,

" Idas will ne'er to death or danger yield,

" Though Jove himself should meet me in th' embattled field.

" Lo Jason such th' ally, whom glory calls

" To fight thy battles from Arena's walls."

He spoke; and lifting drain'd the copious bowl

That fill'd with high-flown insolence his soul.

Through the whole train, tumultuous clamors ran,

Till Idmon thus his bold rebuke began:

" Rash man, does wine such boastful thoughts inspire

" And urge thee to provoke Heav'n's awful Sire?

" Thus, as tradition says, th' Aleian pair

" Did impious war 'gainst matchless Jove declare.

" Yet they, though braver far than thee, sunk low

" Smote by the archer-god's unerring bow."

He spoke ; with scornful laugh, and gestures rude,
Proud Idas thus his taunting speech renew'd :

“ Say, prophet, does thy father-god decree,

“ As for th’ Aleian twins, such death for me ?

“ Yet know, bold seer, if thy prophetic strain

“ Falsely-inspir’d should prove thy threat’nings vain,

“ Nor fraud, nor force oppos’d, shall e’er withstand

“ The promis’d vengeance of my pow’rful hand.”

Now sharper conflict and dire deeds of blood

Between th’ impetuous heroes had ensued,

But that the chiefs, with threats and counsel sage,

As Jason order’d, check’d their rising rage.

Meantime, who best the passions could compose

With music’s soothing accents, Orpheus rose :

In his left hand the silver-sounding strings

He rears, and thus the sweet musician sings :

In

In the beginning, how the earth, the deep,
 The Heav'ns were in one tumultuous blended heap :
 'Till nature parted the conflicting foes,
 And beauteous order from confusion rose.
 How ev'ry shining orb that nightly glows
 O'er the blue vault, his place and order knows.
 How silver Cynthia, and the golden sun,
 Their radiant course by turns rejoice to run.
 Whence rose the rocks with waving verdure crown'd,
 From what vast source the rapid rivers found,
 Whence sprung their nymphs, from what mysteri-
 ous feed,
 O'er earth's green bosom swarms the reptile breed.
 And next the tuneful master shifts the strain
 To old Ophion's dark primæval reign ;
 Who with his bride the daughter of the deep,
 First claim'd the throne on hoar Olympus' steep :

'Till from their head a pow'r superior rent
 The sacred badge of pow'r omnipotent ;
 On Saturn's head Ophion's honours plac'd,
 And with his consort's glories Rhea grac'd :
 Themselves were plung'd in Ocean's dark domain,
 While Saturn rul'd the Titan's godlike train ;
 While Jove was young, and lull'd in infant rest,
 The dark Diætas sacred rock possess'd :
 Ere his dread bolt the earth-born Cyclops fram'd,
 Ere from the darken'd heav'ns the livid lightning flam'd,
 This said th' immortal bard his lyre unstrung,
 And stopp'd th' ambrosial music of his tongue :
 Yet still the heroes with attentive ear
 Thought him still fing'ing, still stood fix'd to hear,
 In silent rapture; tho' the bard had ceas'd,
 Still on the dying murmurs seem'd to feast.

Now

Now Cynthia's star-encircled orb arose,
 The drooping heroes sink in soft repose :
 But when the bright-eyed morning's purple rays
 O'er Pelion's redd'ning pines began to blaze,
 And ebbing waves by cooling breezes fann'd
 In gentle heavings broke upon the strand ;
 Then warn'd by Tiphys' voice they leave the shores,
 Climb the tall ship and grasp their order'd oars.

Now with portentous roaring all around
 The winding Pagasæan bays resound.
 Impatient Argo the glad signal took,
 While from her vocal keel loud murmurs broke,
 Her keel by Pallas fram'd from Dodonæan oak. }
 Now ranging each their arms in martial state,
 In order'd rows the daring heroes sat.
 Yet still Ancæus of Neptunian race
 By gen'ral suffrage held the middle place.

With

With him Alcides' giant-strength was join'd,
 Inactive by his side his club reclin'd.
 While as he takes his seat, beneath the load
 The keel subsides oppress'd, and feels the demi-god.
 Their haulfers now they loose, and o'er the brine
 Pour the rich off'ring of nectareous wine.
 While Jason, as the bay swift Argo leaves,
 Looks back on Grecia's shores, and silent grieves.
 As to the warbles of the sacred lyre
 The blooming youths, Apollo's festive choir,
 Or in the Delphian, or the Delian fane,
 Or where Ismenus feeds the fertile plain,
 The sacred altars blazing flame around
 In spritely dance and order'd measure bound;
 So Argo's heroes, as the seas they swept,
 To Orpheus' harp according measure kept.

S O L I T U D E

AT AN INN.

OFT upon the twilight plain
 Circled with thy shadowy train,
 While the dove at distance coo'd,
 Have I met thee, Solitude !
 Then was loneliness to me
 Best, and true society.
 But, ah ! how alter'd is thy mein
 In this drear, deserted scene !
 Here thou com'st in fullen mood,
 Not with thy fantastic brood
 Of beck'ning shapes, and visions airy
 Summon'd from the land of Fairy.

Here

Here all thy wonted pleasures cease,
 Musing, mild, and penfive peace :
 No poetic being here
 Strikes with whisper'd sound mine ear.
 No converse here, to fancy cold,
 With many a fleeting form I hold.
 Here all inelegant and rude
 Is thy form, sweet Solitude !

EPI T A P H.

HERE rests, within this narrow cell, a wife
 Whose gentle manners sooth'd the cares of life :
 Example rare of patience undismay'd
 By the near prospect of death's awful shade :
 In youth she fell : yet did she not complain
 Or Heav'ns immutable decrees arraign :
 But tremblingly rejoicing fix'd her eye
 With stedfast hopes on immortality.

O may such hopes, so firm, such pious joy,
 Such glorious views our latest hours employ !

TO A PAINTER.

IN vain, rash man, thy feeble colours trace
 Each blooming beauty of Eliza's face :
 The coral lip, and sweetly-smiling cheek
 Where laughter loves to live in dimple fleek :
 Those eyes, whence love renews his hallow'd fire
 With brighter flames than kindle warm desire.

With equal hope my emulative song
 Might praise the sweetness of her tuneful tongue,
 Or sing her polish'd sense, and taste refin'd,
 And milder graces of her gentle mind.
 In this, howe'er, agree our faint essays,
 So far her bloom exceeds thy pencil's praise
 As her unrivall'd song my humbler lays.

FROM THE GREEK

OF

SIMONIDES.

WHEN now the cheft, by art Dœdalean join'd,
 Was tofs'd by fwelling waves and adverfe wind,
 With tearful eyes the wretched Danae caft
 Her hands maternal round her infant's waift,
 And thus, " What grief, my child, corrodes my breaft
 " Whilft thou, like fated babes, enjoy'ft thy wonted reft !
 " Dark is thy joylefs dwelling, dark as night,
 " Save when the pale moon lends a doubtful light.
 " Thou in thy purple mantle fleep'ft reclin'd,
 " Nor heedeft ought the waves of fiercer wind,
 " That

- “ That idly rage around thy darksome bed,
 “ Nor wet the flowing hairs that deck thy infant head.
 “ Sweet babe, thou wouldst, were these my sorrows thine,
 “ Thy tender ear to my distress incline.
 “ Sleep on, (thy mother bids) winds cease to blow !
 “ Sleep boast’rous waves, and sleep my unexampled woe.

FROM THE GREEK

OF

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

NOW night o'er earth her dark'ning vapours shed,
 And the black deep a gradual shade o'erspread;
 With upward eyes the mariners survey
 Thy star Orion, and thine Helice;
 Wrapp'd in deep sleep the wearied pilgrim lies,
 And slumbers seal the o'erwatch'd porter's eyes;
 Ev'n she at length forgets her griefs in rest
 Whose babe deceas'd no longer craves her breast;
 No dogs are heard throughout the city's bound,
 No busy murmur, no tumultuous sound:
 Silence and Darknefs hold their equal reign
 O'er crouded city, and o'er desert plain:

F

But

But sad Medea's eyes no rest can close,
 For watchful cares have chas'd away repose.
 Still Jason's form is present to her mind,
 And dreadful lowings seem to fill each hollow wind
 Of bulls, by whom the hapless youth must yield
 To death untimely in the martial field :
 A thousand cares her panting bosom move,
 She trembles now with fear, and now with love :
 As when of solar beams the splendors bright
 Strike on the walls, with quick-reflected light,
 From the full vase, where late-infused streams
 From sparkling wave shoot forth translucent beams ;
 Above, below, the glitt'ring splendors dance
 In circles swift, and many-twinkling glance ;
 Thus various cares the virgin's bosom tear,
 And anxious grief distracts, and doubtful fear :
 Now kind compassion gives her tears to flow,
 And her pale form consumes with inward woe.

Sharp, throbbing pains convulse her beauteous head,
When now love's fiercer pow'r through her whole
frame has spread.

Now impotent of mind she vows to give
Her opiate drugs, the monsters to deceive ;
Her purpose now with sudden change foregoes,
And meditates in death to end her woes :
Anon nor death she seeks, nor will she quell
Th' unconquerable bulls with magic spell,
But vainly hopes, forgetting, and forgot,
To bear in silent wretchedness her lot.

A

SACRED ANACREONTIC

O D E.

LIFT, my soul, thy thoughts above
 Wine and mirth and guilty love ;
 To sublimer themes aspire,
 Change the tender Teiian lyre ;
 With a louder, alter'd string
 Praise creation's bounteous King,
 In the dulcet Dorian mood
 Boldly strive to hymn thy God.
 Who his matchless acts can count ?
 Mercy's inexhaustible fount !

View below, about, above
Steps of wisdom, pow'r, and love.

While my votive lyre I sweep,
Nature, solemn silence keep !
Furious winds, your roarings cease,
Floods, and dashing torrents, peace !
Herds, from echoing hill, to hill,
Warblers of the woods, be still !
On this praise-devoted day
Let the lion spare his prey !
Let no poison-bloated snake
Scare the pilgrim from the brake ;
Let not impious war assail
The peaceful shepherd's silent vale.

How with weights of wonder press'd
Shall I ease my throbbing breast ?

In the vast, harmonious plan,
 Insect, fish, and beast, and man,
 All adorn the gradual scale
 From the seraph to the snail.

THE
VISION OF MOSES.

ON holy Sinai's solitary hill
 Penfive the prophet sat, and much he mus'd
 Of good and ill ; why pain, why fin, deforms
 God's beauteous works : " What was th' Almighty's arm
 " Exhausted by creating all those worlds
 " That round us roll ? was there no blessing left
 " For this poor earth, this dungeon of distress,
 " This vale of tears, this lazar-house of woe ?
 " Did we request thee, Maker, from the dust
 " To force us into life ? where virtue sinks
 " Oppress'd like the meek lamb, and vice uprears
 " Its haughty branch, and spreads like flow'ring palm

" On Pifon's banks.—O pardon, gracious Heav'n,
 " My erring tongue ; yet why should boundless pow'r
 " So oft unjustly punish, and reward
 " Astonish'd man ?"—At this the mountain shook,
 And groan'd thro' all her caves ; a solemn voice
 Like thunder heard remote, or rolling seas,
 Swept by his trembling ear ; " Rash child of man,
 " Dost thou presume th' unfathomable depths
 " Of my wife counfels to explore ? arise
 " Ascend this mountain's loftiest cliff, and thence
 " Th' unbounded prospects view." With fault'ring steps
 Fearing offence, the humbled seer obey'd.

He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
 Before his wond'ring eyes ; two bubbling brooks
 Burst from beneath, and hurl'd their chrystal rills
 Down to a grassy vale, that greedy suck'd
 'Th' enliv'ning moisture ; there a fountain form'd
 Befring'd

Befring'd with moss, on whose green banks appear'd
 A loaded vine, whose clusters ripe o'erhung
 The shaded waters, thither came anon,
 Distain'd with dust and gore, from fields of fight,
 A weary warrior ; from his panting steed,
 That champ'd a golden bit, alighting quick
 On his red spear he leant, and from his helm
 The cooling chrystal quaff'd ; to *Niger's* banks
 Gorg'd with some pilgrim's blood, who rov'd forlorn
 O'er *Afric's* sands, the lion thus repairs
 To bathe his blood-stain'd jaws ; the chief refresh'd
 His steed re-mounts, and skims along the plain ;
 But of his loss unconscious, drops his gold,
 Pearl, and Barbaric gems, the precious spoils
 Of a sack'd city. Piping o'er the plain
 Next came a sportful boy, who eager snatch'd
 The chief's lost treasure, and with triumph ran
 To meet his brothers, and with boastful joy

The

The glitt'ring prize display'd.—Next soon appear'd
 A wither'd, weak old man, trembling with age,
 And bending to the grave, with staff in hand
 To guide his tott'ring steps, and sat him down
 To rest, attracted by the verdant scene.
 The clust'ring grapes he cropp'd, and held to Heav'n
 In humble praise, "Thou deck'st the florid earth,
 "Parent of pleasure, maker kind, with herbs
 "Nectareous, and ambrosial fruits, accept
 "This rural sacrifice, ere yet I taste
 "The juice divine!"—Then, after due repast,
 His languid limbs by stealing sleep oppress'd
 Sunk on the flow'ry couch: ere long he rests,
 All burning with his loss, the chief returns
 With hasty strides, and by the silver hairs
 The trembling senior seizes, and demands
 His casket stolen; with oaths, and tears, and vows
 Of pleaded innocence the theft denied;

To

To righteous Heav'n he calls, " With thunder cleave
 " Thou mighty pow'r, who know'st our inmost souls,
 " My lying tongue, if ought of treasure lost
 " These eyes beheld."—" Hence, hypocrite, to hell !"
 With disappointed rage the chief return'd,
 ' Old perjur'd villain, hence !' and plung'd his steel
 With eager stabs thrice in his mangled breast :
 Prostrate the prophet fell, in mute amaze
 Awe-struck, yet wish'd t' expostulate, when thus
 The voice divine preventing, him address'd :
 " Be still, proud man, can thy all-piercing eye
 " Thro' boundless systems darting view at once
 " Connected worlds ? in a dim corner plac'd
 " Of the vast theatre, from the scatter'd scenes
 " The wond'rous plot unknown, dar'st thou revile
 " The dramatist divine ? from broken sounds
 " Creation's universal harmony
 " Presume to judge ? whose inexpressive notes

" In

- " In their full chorus reach not mortal ear ?
 " Could some pale glow-worm's ray who haply crawls
 " Through the magnific pyramid, illumine
 " Those vasty vaults of darkness deep, and guide
 " The gazing stranger through the founding domes
 " To *Cheop's* chamber ? reason's boasted lamp
 " Is thus too weak to trace the mighty maze
 " Of God's designs.—Ye little sons of earth
 " In due proportion what can ye perceive
 " Thro' the dim glass of gross mortality ?
 " Cease then to doubt, O son of man ! nor blame
 " The God of justice, Heav'n's all-seeing judge,
 " Whose ways all mortal search elude ; but know,
 " Short-sighted as thou art, that base old man,
 " Rolling in gore and shrieking now for aid,
 " That infant's Sire, a midnight murd'rer ! flew."

IN HORTO SCRIPT.

Auctore Thomâ Warton.

VOS O quæ fociis plicata ramis

Ulmi brachia panditis gemellæ,

Horti deliciæ, decusque parvi !

Dum vicina apium cohors per herbas

Fragrantes medio strepit sub æstu,

Fraternis tueamini magistrum

Vos sub frondibus,, attici leporis

Auctores Latûve lætitantem ;

Lustrantemve oculo licentiori

Colles oppositos, aprica rura,

Laté undantibus obfitos ariftis,

Tectofve aeriis superne fagis.

The foregoing imitated.

I.

YE sifter-elms, whose branches green
In intermingling wreaths unite,
Of this my garden's humble scene
At once the pride and the delight!

II.

As o'er yon fragrant plats the bees
At fultry noon resounding stray,
In your dim arch reclin'd at ease
Oh, shield me from the scorching ray.

III.

As all serene I turn the page,
The chosen page of classic lore,
Of bards, whom warm'd with genuine rage,
Or elder Rome or Athens bore.

IV. Or

IV.

Or as my roving eyes survey
 Yon funny steep, my landscape's bound ;
 Its fides with waving harvests gay,
 Its top with airy beeches crown'd.

POLYDORE AND CLEONICE,

A TALE,

In Imitation of DRYDEN.

Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod te imitari aveo : quid enim contendat hirundo
Cycnis ? aut quidnam tremulis facere artubus hædi
Consimile in cursu possint, ac fortis equi vis.

HIS winding streams where strong Eurotas pours,
The fair Mifithra lifts her stately tow'rs ;
Mifithra fam'd of old for virtue's cause,
For freeborn spirits and impartial laws ;
Tho' now she weep in chains tyrannic bound,
Her rage repress'd her glories in the ground.

Hither

Hither in arms from fair Italia came
 Great Sigismund intent on deeds of fame :
 Of gen'rous troops he led a chosen train,
 From Turkey's fway the captive feat to gain.

Amid the croud distinguish'd from the rest
 Two noble youths in birth and beauty blest,
 But for their mutual friendship more renown'd,
 Shone in the lists, and fought this hostile ground ;
 Venice they left to warlike acts inflam'd,
 This Polydore, and that Callistus nam'd :
 Early their souls heroic deeds were taught,
 Early their breasts the fire of friendship caught ;
 Beneath one banner fought the faithful pair,
 And side by side, administer'd the war :
 Thus match'd in arms, in high descent the fame,
 Associates to the fields of Greece they came.

While thus Mifithra lay begirt with arms,
 And felt the force of Sigismund's alarms:
 There dwelt within of race illustrious born,
 An eastern maid, and beauteous as the morn :
 Long many a Turkish Lord had vainly strove
 To gain the royal Cleonice's love ;
 Her charms had drawn from India's utmost land,
 Princes and Potentates of high command ;
 Oft their ambassadors in full resort
 Num'rous appear'd, and throng'd her father's court ;
 With richest gifts th' unwilling maid to greet,
 And pour'd Arabia's treasures at her feet.
 But unallur'd by gifts, and grandeur's pride,
 The gen'rous fair their dazzling suit denied.
 Not wealth or pow'r could win the virgin's breast,
 'Twas love alone could make her nuptials blest'd.
 The mercenary souls whom gain invites,
 In cold embraces meet, and uninspir'd delights.

North of Mifithra's war-girt walls there stood,
 Form'd of thick shade a venerable wood.
 Where oft of old Sylvanus' rustic shrine,
 Laconia's sons ador'd with rites divine.
 Remote and secret was the close retreat,
 And solitude had darken'd all the feat.
 Nor had Italia's deep-embattled pow'rs
 Extended their array beneath the sacred bow'rs.

It chanc'd at noontide hour, one fatal day,
 In breezes cool to calm the summer's ray,
 The beauteous virgin to this secret shade,
 Attended by her train of damsels stray'd :
 There as regardless of impending fate
 Beneath a branching pine the virgin sat ;
 Sudden of coming footsteps sounds remote,
 Her list'ning ear with distant echo smote :

When strait a troop whom Polydore had sent
 Detach'd on some design of deep intent,
 On neighing steeds advanc'd in thick array,
 And fought the gloom where Cleonice lay :
 Alarm'd the virgin at the fearful fight,
 Wing'd thro' the grove precipitate her flight.
 But soon the rushing steeds outstripp'd her course,
 That swift pursued her, with the lightning's force,
 Soon caught an easy prey the panting maid,
 That for her damsels cried, and shriek'd for aid.
 Swift on their steeds the captive maid they bore,
 And with their prize return'd to Polydore.
 Soon to his tent with decent care convey'd
 Regardful of her state the captive maid.

Beneath his tent brave Polydore they found,
 Not with embattled troops begirt around,

But

But with the constant partner of his care,
 He sat retreated from the pomp of war.
 His youthful prime his helm unbuckled shew'd,
 While from beneath his auburn tresses flow'd.
 With graceful negligence a purple veil,
 Floated redundant o'er his lucid mail.
 A sword emblaz'd with gems and Jasper's pride,
 Shone with conspicuous lustre at his side.
 Thus sat in converse sweet the faithful pair,
 When enter'd at his tent the captive fair.
 Graceful her look with grief and beauty mix'd,
 And on the ground her streaming eyes were fix'd.
 Such lovely tears, and beauty thus distress'd,
 To mild compassion mov'd his gen'rous breast.
 And as he look'd, he felt the sudden dart
 Of love infix'd in his unguarded heart.
 When thus, impatient of the kindling flame,
 Th' heroic youth bespoke the weeping dame :

" Fair maid, whoe'er thou art, whose heav'nly charms
 " Have thus inflam'd my breast with love's alarms,
 " Whom the sun's beam has ting'd with riper dye,
 " Than boast the dames of northern Italy
 " Restrain, fair maid, your grief and streaming tears,
 " Let dawning hope dispel those fancied fears :
 " Once more Misithra's lofty town to greet,
 " Safe I resign thee to thy native seat."

The gen'rous speech her grateful bosom fir'd,
 Her eyes his arms and graceful youth admir'd.
 His youth and graceful mein and rich attire
 To touch her breast with mutual love conspire.
 With secret fire the glowing virgin burn'd,
 And this address with new-born hope return'd :
 " O matchless warrior, whose unconquer'd might
 " So oft has turn'd our bravest troops to flight,
 " Nor

" Nor less in arms and warlike deeds you shine,
 " Than in a bounteous soul and virtues more divine.
 " How can I e'er repay th' heroic deed
 " A captive from the bands of slav'ry freed?
 " Yet since you thus ordain to set me free,
 " One small request I make with suppliant knee,
 " That these brave troops which me their captive bore,
 " May safe conduct me to my native shore ;
 " Laden with precious gifts they shall return,
 " That high emblaz'd my father's courts adorn ;
 " Treasures that grac'd our ancestors of old
 " Bracelets and starry gems and massy gold,
 " Spoils won from conquer'd provinces renown'd :
 " With these rewards thy bounty shall be crown'd."

Thus as she spoke, her ardent eyes confess'd
 The mutual flame that kindled in her breast.

When Polydore, who saw his love repaid,
 In tend'rest accents thus bespoke the maid :
 " Unbrib'd by gifts this squadron I command
 " Safe to conduct thee to thy native land.
 " Yet Oh what diff'rent passions rend my breast !
 " Love grants, yet inly grieves at thy request.
 " And must we then thus part unequall'd fair ?
 " Must glowing love thus yield to cold despair ?
 " Can mutual passion point out no retreat
 " Sacred to love alone and converse sweet ?
 " Deep-waving woods enclose Mifithra's tow'rs,
 " Nor has the storm of war profan'd their sacred bow'rs."
 He spoke, with modest glance the nymph approv'd
 His speech, and silent shew'd how much she lov'd :
 Her through the camp at Polydore's command
 To fair Mifithra leads a chosen band.

Mean-

Meantime while Polydore his love exprefs'd
 An equal ardor feiz'd Calliftus' breaft.
 With earneft eyes her charms the youth furvey'd,
 Though friendship's warning voice he ftill obey'd ;
 And impotent of paffion vainly tried
 The ftuggling pangs of confcious love to hide.

Thus long the lucklefs youth in fecret pin'd,
 While love and friendship diverfe tore his mind ;
 Meantime obfervant of the ftated hour
 The happier lovers met within the fecret bow'r.
 At length the haplefs youth, who knew the place
 Sacred to love and Polydore's embrace,
 Deeply revolving in his throbbing heart
 How beft to heal his forrow's madding fmart,
 Sought at the wonted hour the fatal fhade,
 Refolv'd (O dire defign !) to flay the maid :

And

And tho' his foul abhorr'd the cruel deed
 That the dear idol of his heart should bleed,
 Yet this he thought the surest way to end
 His grief, and keep uninjur'd yet his friend.
 Beneath a bushy shade conceal'd he stood ;
 That when the maid appear'd within the wood,
 With his bar'd steel he might her breast invade,
 Ere Polydore could bring his timely aid,

How madding passion and his black design
 With direful thoughts to shake his soul combine !
 He started oft at each low-whisp'ring wind,
 And thought he vengeance heard and Polydore behind ;
 And at each rustling heard amid the gloom
 Thinks 'tis th' expected Cleonice come.
 In vain.—And now the murder he design'd
 Rises in all its horror to his mind.

Each

Each moment adds a sting his conscious breast
 To wound, and long delay reflexion dire encreas'd :
 His soul could bear no more—when from his thigh
 The deadly steel he draws resolv'd to die.
 Within his breast he plung'd the shining blade ;
 When strait his hand uncertain and afraid
 Stopp'd in mid-way by sudden doubt withheld,
 Reason forbid ; and quick its desp'rate force repell'd.
 Forth from his breast his half-bath'd steel again
 He drew, when fainting with the lively pain,
 And in the tortures of his recent wound,
 Of footsteps thro' the grove he heard the sound :
 When starting at the noise, down dropp'd the blade
 From his slack hand, and to the neighb'ring glade
 With stagg'ring steps and faint alarm'd he fled,
 From mortal view to shroud his guilty head.

'Twas

'Twas Cleonice's step that struck his ear,
 Who duteous fought her wonted lover there.
 The maid approach'd where in the path was laid
 Dropp'd from Callistus' hand the shining blade.
 She started sudden as the steel she view'd
 In reeking drops of recent gore imbru'd.
 But Oh what horrors in her bosom rose,
 Her stiffen'd form what icy terror froze,
 How stood the virgin fix'd in dumb surprise
 When on the studded hilt she cast her eyes!
 The well-known-studded hilt whose starry pride
 She mark'd on Polydore bright-glitt'ring at his side,
 That fatal day when to the tent she came,
 And kindled in his breast the mutual flame.
 She thought *his* blood had ting'd the blade with red,
 And the besprinkled steel bespoke its wearer dead.
 But ah what dire mistake her mind possess'd
 What false surmise involv'd her tortur'd breast!

It chanc'd the sword that late her eyes admir'd
 When Polydore with love her bosom fir'd,
 Haply by Polydore that fatal morn.
 Was for his own in friendship's freedom worn.
 She sees in thought her bleeding lover lie,
 And marks each gushing wound with fancy's eye.
 'Twas rage too mad for vulgar signs to show,
 And solemn silence best express'd her woe.
 She snatch'd the sword that with the crimson glow'd
 (So thought the virgin) of her lover's blood,
 And cried, when words the lab'ring passion found,
 " Let the same point on both inflict the wound ;
 " 'Tis just, so faithful, and so fond a pair,
 " From the same steel the stroke of death should share ;
 " Tho' thou, dear Polydore, art gone before
 " I close pursue thee to the destin'd shore !"
 She spoke, and all on wildest fury bent
 Her mantle from her heaving bosom rent.

To the bar'd chest the deadly steel applied,
 And in fresh streams of reeking purple dy'd.
 Sudden each charm her with'ring cheek forsook,
 And death's pale hue distain'd her dying look.
 She fell and sinking, o'er her mangled breast
 With decent care compos'd her blood-stain'd vest.

Scarce was she fall'n, advancing thro' the grove
 When Polydore approach'd to seek his wonted love.
 But ah what dire surprize what fears destroy
 Th' imaginary scenes of fancied joy.
 What horrors dash'd his dreams of wish'd delight,
 When first the bleeding virgin met his sight !
 In eager anguish o'er the prostrate dead
 The grief-distracted lover bow'd his head.
 On her cold lip a trembling kiss impress'd,
 And with his hand explor'd her bleeding breast ;

But

But the pale lip in icy death was froze,
And deadly cold her bleeding bosom rose.

Then thus before the breathless maid reclin'd

He pour'd the sorrows of his madding mind :

“ What cruel hand has thus thy bosom gor'd

“ What force against thy charms could lift the sword?

“ Where shall I find th' inflicter of the wound?

“ Lo all is desert solitude around.

“ Ye forests conscious of the savage deed

“ Ye trees that saw my Cleonice bleed,

“ Utter your voice, to my rack'd thought relate

“ This hidden maze, this mystery of fate :

“ O why prevented not my speed the hour

“ That gave thee to the murd'rers ruthless pow'r?

“ His unrelenting hand I might have stay'd

“ Or shar'd thy fate in death beside thee laid.

“ But since to stop his vengeance was denied

“ Or fall a willing victim by thy side ;

“ It

" It is not now forbade me to receive

" That death the ruthless murd'rer could not give."

He spoke ; and disengag'd with eager hand
 The sword that yet in her faint grasp remain'd ;
 But ah no sooner shone its hilt to view
 Than trembling his Callistus' sword he knew.
 Then what mix'd passions with united rage
 And rebel tumult in his mind engage !
 While thee, too faithful friend, in thought deceiv'd
 The murderer of the virgin he believ'd :
 At once the injur'd friend and widow'd lover griev'd. }
 Friendship prov'd false, disdain of life increas'd,
 And now with rage redoubled glow'd his breast.
 As Polydore with wild despair inflam'd
 The weapon at his naked bosom aim'd,
 Ere yet he dealt the death-inflicting stroke,
 That instant from the brake Callistus broke :

By

By friendship call'd he left the shrouding shade
 Where latent long the fainting youth had laid.
 With duteous haste advanc'd he to prevent
 His lifted arm, and stop the dire intent.
 But Polydore ere yet he struck the blow,
 When his thick-flashing eyes beheld the fancied foe,
 With newborn rage and kindling fury burn'd,
 And weak despair to fellest vengeance turn'd.
 With lifted arm he met the wretched youth,
 Nor stay'd to prove his faith or virtuous truth.
 Deep in his breast he plung'd the well-aim'd blade
 With eager rage, and as he struck he said,
 "Hence to the darksome house of night descend,
 "And feel the due rewards that faithless deeds attend.
 "Be Zacon's bitter tree thy baleful food
 "Far from the chaste recesses of the good.
 "Hence to the shades, there seek some desert cell,
 "Where only fiends, and shapes of horror dwell."

He spokè: the good Callistus sunk in death
 And pour'd in streams of blood his rushing breath.

Now wretched Polydore alone was left
 Alike of mistress, and of friend bereft.
 Pale, motionless, in deep amaze he stood
 And view'd in dumb despair, the scene of blood.
 'Till from his grief, these words a passage broke,
 And thus in bitt'rest agony he spoke:

" What foul design thy force, Callistus, mov'd
 " To lift the steel against my best belov'd?
 " Could neither beauty, love, or faith disarm
 " On bloody deeds intent thy murd'rous arm?
 " Hadst thou not sullied friendship's sacred name
 " With this dire act, and stain'd thy better fame;
 " Happy companions from a life well-spent
 " To those immortal regions we had went,

" Met

" Met after death, and in th' ambrosial groves
 " An undivided pair renew'd our loves.
 " Now forms terrific from that blessed coast
 " Drive far away thy blood-polluted ghost,
 " That restless wand'ring o'er the sacred ground
 " Would taint the purer air and breathe pollution round.
 " Yet there my Cleonice shall I find :
 " With duteous haste I follow fast behind ;
 " There blifs our yet imperfect loves shall crown
 " And all our woes immortal pleasures drown.
 " But whither roves my grief-distemper'd mind
 " For present pangs a future ease to find ?
 " Are these the triumphs, this th' expected fame
 " For which in arms to Syria's seats I came ?
 " Are these the deeds of blood, are these th' alarms
 " That Sigismund expected from my arms ?

H 2

" Who

" Who now perhaps stands loit'ring at my stay

" His ardent legions form'd in thick array

" And with impatience chides my long delay.

" To other scènès than those of glorious fight

" This fatal sword will aid my destin'd flight."

He spoke, and urging with impetuous force

The well-aim'd blade, sunk low beside the virgin's corse.

Oh luckless pair accept this pitying lay

Which to your shades with duteous grief I pay.

O early lost ! to whose untimely tombs

Each due returning night fair friendship comes,

In grief reclining o'er your mournful urns,

Her vot'ries struck by fate so dire she mourns.

Nor thóu disdain these rites fair Syrian maid,

Which here I offer to thy pensive shade.

Permit my muse to pay this grateful verse,

And hung with humble wreaths adorn thy hearse.

ALFREDUS.

I SIS ubi lambit fœcundo flumine lucos
 Pieridum fortunatos, dilectaque Phœbo
 Atria, et extructas sinuoso in margine turres ;
 Hîc deferta olim, nulloque nitentia cultu,
 Prata, udosque agros, limosa obduxit arundo :
 Vixque inter steriles juncos, ulvamque palustrem,
 Lentis obscuræ serpebant flexibus undæ.

Hûc fortè *Alfredus* gressum tulit, arvaque circum
 Miratus, glebam irriguam et viridantia Tempe,
 Tempe quæ sylvæ cingunt superimpendentes,
 Hîc, inquit, profugæ secreto in littore musæ
 Optatam inveniant sedem, gratoque fruantur

Hospitio, et tacitâ securæ in valle quiescant ;
 Nec locus ullus erit quo se plus jactet Apollo.
 Pascua continuò micuere per avia tures :
 Ipsa Isis vitreis nitidum caput extulit undis,
 Suspiciensque novas arces, insuetaque templa,
 Venturos lætâ præsumit mente triumphos,
 Culminaque artificem *Wrenni* referentia dextram.

Nec tamen infausto posuisti has omine fedes,
 Sancte Pater, nec spes animum frustrata fefellit ;
 Cernis, ut attollunt vivaces vertice lauros
 Egregii Vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,
 Quique omnes Sophiæ norunt decerpere flores.
 Ipse agmen, cunctis sublimior, ordine longo
 Chaucerus ducit ; prisco dum pectine cantat
 Cristatas turmas, equitesque hastilibus aptos,
 Sive levis pangit fabellas ritè facetas,
 Angliacumque aperit felici carmine Pindum.

Quis procul ille* autem, solus qui in valle reductâ,
 Lentior incedit, defigens lumina terræ?
 Hic animæ latebras princeps patefecit opertas,
 Unde illa innumeros motus, ratione magistrâ,
 Induat, unde ortu dubio primùm infita menti
 Cognition explicuit vires, tenebrisque refusis
 Clara per obscurum prætendit lumina callem.
 Hunc olim Rhedycina canet, quotiesque recenset
 Grata suos, celebresque memor per sæcula cives,
 Insignem ante alios felix memorabit alumnum.
 Nec te, Castalidum proles† lectissima, plectro
 Musa ingrata filet, cui fontes ipsa reclusit
 Integros Pallas, facilisque indulsit Apollo,
 Musæoque dedit contingere dicta lepore,

At neque dilectis solùm penetralia musis
 Condidit *Alfredus*, soli sua limina Phœbo;

* Locke.

† Addison.

Jura etiam sapiens et fervantissimus æqui
 Edocuit, quâque est stabilis Res Publica normâ :
 Quin Artes, fautore illo, subiere repentè
 Ignotæ ; tum Nauta vagus dare vela patenti
 Ausus erat pelago, atque alienas quærere terras ;
 Contemnensque æquor tumidum victricia classis
 Arma tulit latè, *Danis* dominata fugatis,
 Et patrium advexit peregrina in regna Draconem.
 Quinetiam Artifices externâ e gente profecti
 Illius accitu coeunt ; pars mænibus urbes
 Cingere, solertique manu superaddere formas
 Spirantes, vivosque excudunt marmore vultus ;
 Dum calamo intereà varioque colore figuras
 Mentitur veras, et ludit arundine Pictor.
 Nec minùs in bello Virtus insigniit hosti
 Parcentem victo, debellantemque ferocem :
 Nam neque ventoso tulit hunc in prælia curru
 Ambitio, neque Regnandi tam dira cupido

Impulit

Impulit infando vicina laceffere regna
 Marte ; fed infidi cum fædus rumpere *Dani*
 Auderent, nutu novit componere bellum,
 Et conjurâti potuit dare jura Tyrannis.

O quis me ducet quâ *Farringdonia* clivo
 Affurgit viridi, sublimi a vertice montis
 Lætus ubi intentos pascens per singula vifus
 Explorare humiles campos, fubjectaque poffim
 Mœnia, et eduâtas non nullo numine turres ;
 Hîc ulmos inter patulas caput erigit alma
Alfredi nutrix *Wantagia*, sæpe fub umbrâ
 Hâc puer, agrefti meditatus arundine Mufam ;
 Sæpe hanc ad lympham, fubduâta in margine ripæ,
 Parvulus incerto fê lufu exercuit Heros.
 Colle ex adverfo candenti e rupe minacem
 Surgere equum, * rudibusque notis expreffa videbis

• White-horfe hill.

Tendere terga solo, longoque albescere tractu.
 Hic olim stravit duro certamine *Danos*
Alfredus, postquam defessa Britannia longo
 Servitio, imperiumque pati plagasque superbi
 Victoris nollet, rursusque reposceret arma.
 Hinc procul apparet felix Rhedycina, remotis
 Indiciis, mediâ riguæ convallis in umbrâ ;
 Vixque acie possunt oculi servare domorum
 Tecta, et cœruleis occultas nubibus ædes ;
 Has inter veneranda, immanique ardua mole,
Radclivii stat pulchra domus, medioque superbit
 Ampla situ, qualis *Vaticani* inclyta sedes
 Erigitur cœlo, aut Capitoli immobile faxum
 Subjectam latè prospexit desuper urbem,
 At propè moliri cernas nova culmina,* eodem
 Radclivio fundante, viden', jam Turris aperto
 Emicat aspectu, propriumque affectat Olympum.

* The Observatory.

Et mox tempus erit, cum certâ lege Planetas
 Errantes, magni attentos ad iussa Parentis,
Newtoni explorent alii, qui fœdera noscant
 Naturæ, arcanasque vias, ut menstrua luna
 Accendit sub nocte facem, radiisque relucet
 Oppositis, medio dum Sol immotus in axe
 Igne indefesso fulget, cinctusque ministris
 Ipse regit seriem, et volventes ordinat annos.

Musarum augustæ Sedes, sacrataque tecta
 Quæ cœlo æquavit pietas, et opima priorum
 Munera condecorant, Salvete, ut perculit ardor
 Cor mihi, dum recolo prisca monumenta Laboris,
 Et decus antiquum, et tantæ primordia famæ.
 Tuque O Sancta Domus,* longâque ætate Verenda,
 Cujus in hospitium, quâ primum fede receptæ,
Alfredo monstrante, choros duxere Camænæ,

* University College.

Ante alias, Salve! celebrat dum musa Patronum
 Communem, veterique refert hæc Vota Parenti;
 Intereà tu firma diu, longosque per annos
 Stes immota, novo surgentes vertice turres
 Conspiciens, sociosque Lares circum undique cultu
 Magnifico, qualis patrii per limen Olympi
 Invehitur Regina Deum, turritaque tollit
 Tempora, et innumeros complectitur Una Nepotes.

ANTIPATRI EX ANTHOLOGIA.

QUÆ natas peperit novem beata

Viginti et pueros, nec has vel illos

Abreptos gemui repentè letho.

Haud natos etenim meos Apollo

Telis abstulit, aut Diana luctu

Puellas graviore prosequendas.

At contrà hæc minuit meis dolores

Partûs adveniens, et advocatus

Apollo pueros virile ad ævum

Morborum variâ cohorte tutos

Provexit, viden' ut frequente prole

Et linguâ, Niobi antesto, modestâ.

INCERTI

INCERTI AUCTORIS EX
ANTHOLOGIA.

TELLUS alma senem hunc finu foveto
Recordata gravis tibi laboris.
Stirpem semper enim premens olivæ
Ornavit, Bromiique vite multâ ;
Inducensque fatis aquas sequaces
Implevit cerere, et colendo fecit
Omnis plenam oleris, feramque sylvam
Novâ arte Alcinoi vigere pomis.
Ob quæ terra levis tegas capillos
Canos, et vario lepore florum
Distinguas tumuli virentis herbam.

CALLIMACHI EX ANTHOLOGIA.

TRISTES, O Menalippe, manè inani **H**

Corpus condidimus tuum sepulchro :

Quin mentis foror impotens eâdem

Occisa est Bafilo die, suapte

Manu, scilicèt haud tulit superstes

Fratri vivere quem pyrâ cremârat.

At verò ob duplicem anxiumque luctum

Aristippe pater tibi universa

Cyrene doluit, videns vigentem

Olim prole dômum orbitate mœstam.

INSCRIPTIO.

HINC exit qui mox arentia prata rigabit
 Atque cavatâ hortos in margine lambet olentes
 Amnis, abundanti fœcundans pascua fluctu:
 Nilo par Ægyptiaco, licèt ille sacratos
 Fontes Æthiopum penitùs sub montibus abdat
 Aut ipso jactet stirpem deducere Olympo.

UXORI OPT.

HOS tibi mittit malè tuta flores
 Ripa, mi conjux, neque tu colorem
 Simplicem spernas, quòd hyems negârit

Veris odorem.

Sed magis ferves hyemale pignus

Veris, et finu foveas amato

Quæ tibi gratus referat benignæ

Dona maritus.

ELEGIA.

MISTA dolore ægram pertentant gaudia mentem,

Vixque erumpentes contineo lacrymas ;

Ut turres Ventæ opposito de colle viator

Despicio, et patriæ culmina nota domûs :

Luminibus madidis occurrit plurima imago,

Quæ quondam juyeni gaudia vera tulit.

Atria per deferta aulæ regalis hirundo

Pennâ iterat solvi non metuente fugam.

Saxa inter disjecta vetustæ in margine fossæ

Frigentes auras captat anhelus equus :

Hunc circumvolitant indefesso agmine muscæ,

Dum glebas putres ungula crebra ferit.

Visa procul per prata udis interlita rivis,

Multa recens tonso vellere balat ovis ;

Dum

Dum madida exficcans grex vellera sole tepenti

Lentis ascendit passibus alta jugi ;

Quà latè ostendit vallum Catharina vetustum

Danorum, et sylvâ tectum apicem viridi.

Beauforti juxtà turren renovataque templa,

Adverso illimis sole relucet aqua.

Quà creta albescens ripam distinguit utramque,

Ægrè difficili cymba movetur equò.

Jamque augusta sonat fani campana vetusti,

Wiccamicâque exit lenior arce sonus.

Nec mora, pullatum portis effunditur agmen,

Affuetoque frequens murmure fervet ager.

Ludite felices, dum perbrevis hora juventæ,

Jucundique oti tempora grata finunt.

Ludite, nec vobis, medio de fonte lepôrum

Gaudia quod lædat surgat amari aliquid.

Ah ! ne, quæ vatem huc usque est comitata misellum,

Curarum vobis ingruat atra cohors.

ARCHIÆ EX ANTHOLOGIA.

NATUS præcipiti tener Lyfippes

Accedens scopulo, est periclitatus

Tuum, O Aftyanax mifelle, fatum :

At mater revocavit alma, mammam

Nudam pectore proferens, fimul quæ

Et letho puerum fameque folvit.

PARMENIONIS EX
ANTHOLOGIA.

TENUIS læna mihi sat est modesto,
Nec flores Heliconios per hortos
Depastus, dapibus potentûm opimis
Hospes ferviam, opes mihi perosæ
Fastûs stultitiæque quæ parentes.
Haud fingam fatrapi cûique vultum :
Libertas humilis dapis mihi fit.

DIOSCORIDIS EX ANTHOLOGIA.

ME vernam tumulo tuum reponis
 Magis qui dominum deceret ipsum **T**
 Quod curæ puer es mihi, Timanthes.
 Sit felix, scelere et soluta, vita.
 Sin me adyeneris ob gravem senectam,
 Tuus fim Domine orco et in nigranti.

ANTIPATRI EX ANTHOLOGIA.

AGNUM lanigerum unicamque vaccam
 Solas Tityre opes casæ tenebas :
 Isti egere foras famem molestant.
 Ambos perdere fors tibi immerenti.
 Agnus dente lupi, dolore partûs
 Nitens difficili juvenca lapsa est.
 Sic grex deperiit casæ tenellus.
 Quin et vir miserande tu reflexo
 Collo de trabe mortis ausus atræ
 Nodum nectere, per domum vacantem
 Jaces, ampliùs haud ovis sonantem
 Suetâ voce, bovisve mugientis.

INSCRIBED ON A BEAUTIFUL
GROTTO NEAR THE
WATER.

BY THE REV. T. WARTON.

THE Graces fought in yonder stream,
To cool the fervid day,
When Love's malicious Godhead came,
And stole their robes away.
Proud of the theft, the little God
Their robes bade Stella wear ;
While they, ashamed to stir abroad
Remain all naked here.

IDEM

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

VICINIS nuper Charites dum nuda sub undis

Gestibant medio membra levare die,

Advolitans, temerè quas ripæ in margine vestes

Deposuerunt Deæ, furripiebat *Amor* :

Quas puer exultans furto, lætusque rapinæ,

Purpureas Stellæ donat habere meæ.

At Charites pavidæ fugere, et vestibus orbæ,

Atque hoc delituit singula nuda specu.

MUEX ANTHOLOGIA.

HIC, precor, in prato viridanti membra, viator

Paulisper, longo fessa labore, leva.

Hic Zephyro quassæ captabis murmura pinûs,

Hic tibi dulce melos multa cicada canet :

Vicinisque jugis te demulcebit avenâ

Pastor, sub platani tegmine, propter aquas.

Hic medios vitato æstus ; cras, I pede fausto,

Hæc memorans, “ fueram Pan, tuus hospes, heri.”

AN ARS SIT PERFECTOR
NATURA? AFFIRMATUR.

COLLE sub exeso Belindæ dædala dextra

Divinâ patulam condidit artē domum :

Non hîc coraliū splendet de fornice rubrum,

Non pandit varias lucida concha vices ;

Non pario furgunt exsculpta sedilia saxo,

Nec fons artifices itque reditque vias :

At viridem muscum per saxa humentia rore,

Serpentesque hederas callida Virgo dedit.

Quà libet abrupto de pumice defilit unda,

Rarus et incultam pingit acanthus humum.

Haud ultrâ veneres jactet natura, puellæ

Cum valet artificis dextra referre pares.

AN LOCUS CONVENIAT LOCATO?
AFFIRMATUR.

PRÆRUPTÆ rupis gelido sub vertice, Martis

Sublimi affurgit culmine magna domus :

Hinc exaudiri ventorum verbera sæva,

Qui portæ circum stridula claustra fremunt ;

Porta adversa ingens solidoque adamante columnæ

Quas ferri cingunt robora, Martis opus.

Intùs fanguineo *Rabies* accincta flagello,

Dentibus et crepitans pallidus ora *Timor* :

Illic est, vitæ curas lucemque perosum,

Morti immaturæ quem sua dextra dedit ;

Nant oculi, rictuque patent fœda ora rigenti,

Horrida flat putri sanguine cæsaries.

Illic

Illic subridens irato *Infania* vultu,

Et membra occultans sparfa cruore *Phonos*.

Tali Threicius gaudet socio agmine Mavors,

Talis et armorum convenit aula Deo.

AN CASUS ET FORTUNA SINT
IN REBUS? AFFIRMATUR.

DRYDENUS suavi musarum instinctus amore
Avia Parnassi per juga tendit iter.

Jamque *Sigismundæ* infelicis funus acerbum,

Crudelisque refert improba jussa Patris :

Jam super *Æmiliâ* missas in prælia turmas,

Ruptaque amicitiae fœdera prisca canit :

Cymonemque docet molli mansuescere flammâ,

Quam lentè insinuans *Iphigenia* ciet.

Dein *Cleopatracæ* audet pollenti pectore fortem

Edere, & in tragicos fortior ire modos.

Detractâ, mox ingressus penetralia Phœbi

Virgilii lauro, tempora cingit ovans.

Pierio quanquàm consperferit omnia melle,
 Tinxerit æterno cuncta lepore licèt ;
 Vix Lar Drydeno certus, propriique Penates,
 Et quod fama affert, fors inimica negat.

INCERTI AUCTORIS EX
ANTHOLOGIA.

NOSTRI fit lapis hic, Sabine, parvus
Amoris monumentum, amicè, largi :
Te quæram assiduè ; domoque Ditis
Mei ritè memor, modò hoc datum fit,
Ne Lethæi aliquid bibas liquoris.

—DULCIQUE ANIMOS NOVI-
TATE TENEBAT.

CUM primum indoçili pulsaret pollice chordas,
Informisque lyræ barbara fila Jubal;
Turba coit fratrum, infuetæ miracula vocis,
Atque novos circum stat venerata fonos,
Credula, quod tales poterat fudisse loquelas,
Tale melos, conchæ numen inesse cavæ.
Non etenim argutæ nemorum per opaca volucres,
Non querula e prono quæ cadit unda jugo,
Mulſissent unquam fimili dulcedine mentes,
Quæve per umbroſas perſtrepit aura domos.
Scilicèt obſtupuit turba hæc indocta rudisque
Vocis inauditæ capta canore novo,
Quam muſæa mele chordæque juvare nequiſſent,
Quas digito Organici mobiliore cient.

IN SYLVA SCRIPT.

CUR plausis trepidè, palumbe, pennis
 Me nulli generis tui nocentem
 Fugis, dum pede pervagor licenti
 Secretas nemoris vias opaci.
 Tuæ vocis enim sub arbore istâ
 Murmur flebiliter gementis olim
 Angorem nimium levare fœvit.
 Talis nempè querela, quanquam iisdem
 Modis fit repetita, pectus ægrum
 Æquè commovet, ac melos sũave
 Quod fundit Philomela vere primo.

PICTORI EGREGIO THOMÆ
BEACH.

O Tu qui calamo nimis fideli
Veros exprimis indolis colores
Et vultûs simul, hanc levem camænam
Manfuetè accipe, quæ licentiori
Modó, solvere vult tibi benigno
Grates, vix lepidas fatis parestve
Manûs egregio tuæ labori.
Ah ne te species inanis unquam
Famæ, quæ fugitiva ludit usque
Viros qui vitreum colunt honorem,
Subducatur proprio stylo tenacem
Adhuc ingenui et meri lepôris.

Tuum est, fitque diu, rudis popelli

Laudes spernere, nec tibi timor fit

Quin et posteritas beata fano

Tandem judicio, tibi rependat

Veros, quos meruisse laus, honores :

Et ritè annumerabit inter Artis

Primos, *Parrhasios* vetustioris,

Knellerosque recentioris ævi,

EPITAPHIUM ANNÆ STAINES.

ERGO te Pietatis, Anna Mater,
 Exemplar fideique terra condit
 Heu luctu graviore prosequendam !
 Te morum facilem, ingenîque lenis,
 Nepotes recolunt tui frequentèr.
 Te blandamque operam tuam requirit
 Frater, jam senio gemens inertî,
 Quæ sic sedulitate mollicellâ
 Senectæ solita es levare curas,
 Et miti poteras tuâ loquelâ
 Dies fallere jam molestiores.
 At te longa quies premit jacentem,
 Quæ ferò aut citiùs manebit omnes.

F I N I S.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

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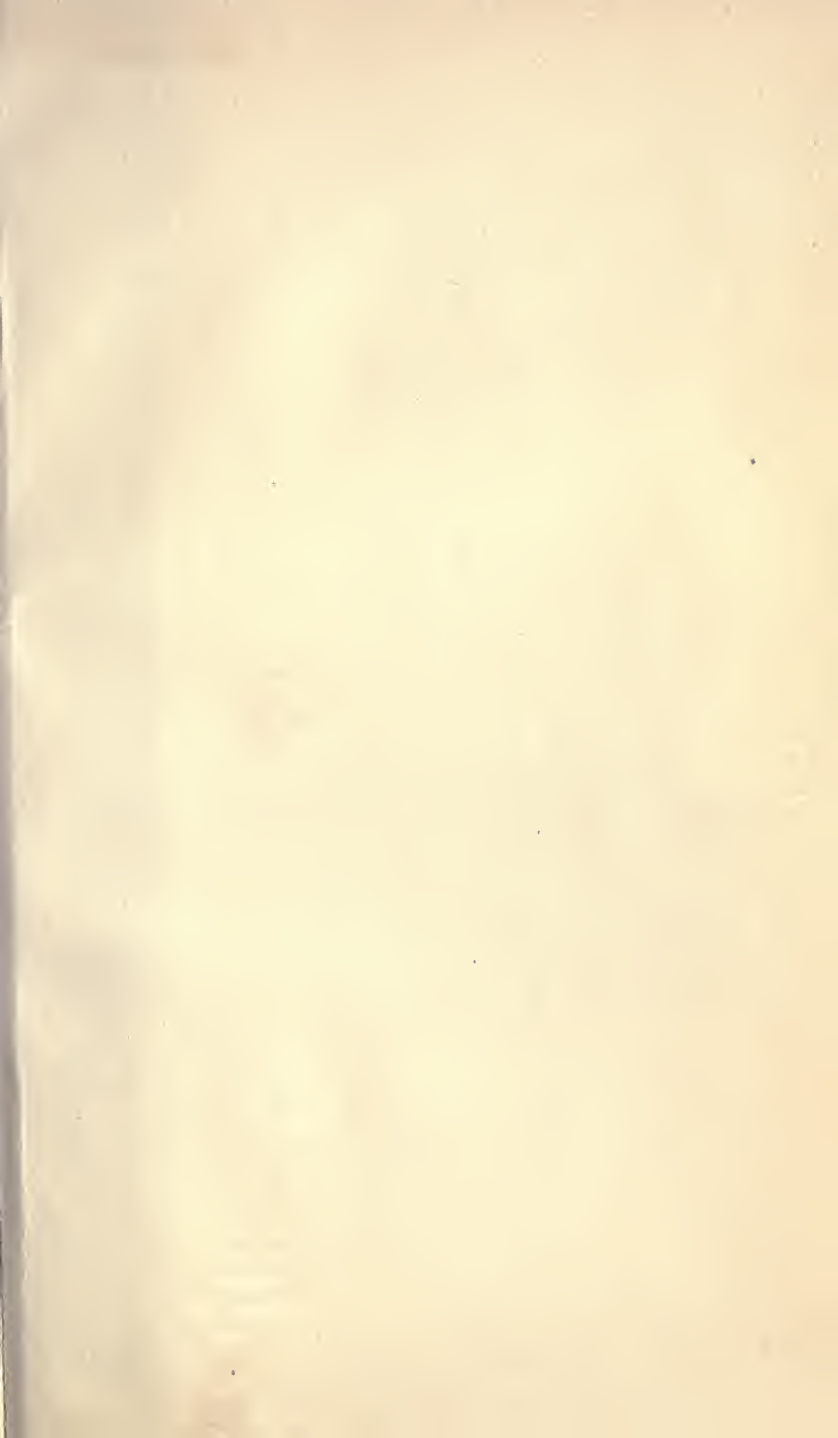
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